

ROSCOE MOSCOW

"WHO KILLED

IT HAD BEEN SOME
PARTY, BUT NOW
ROCK 'N' ROLL WUZ
DEAD.. BUTCHERED
BY ONE O' HIS GUESTS!

SOMEBODY HAD TO
FIND THE KILLER..
BEFORE THE KILLER
FOUND THEM! IT WUZ
DO OR DIE, BUDDY!!

ROCK 'N' ROLL?

©'79 BY CURT VILE

ROSCOE MOSCOW



DICK! IT'S PRIVATE
DICK! NOT DUCK!!

A MAN! A GUN!
CRUEL AND
UNUSUAL....

WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL?

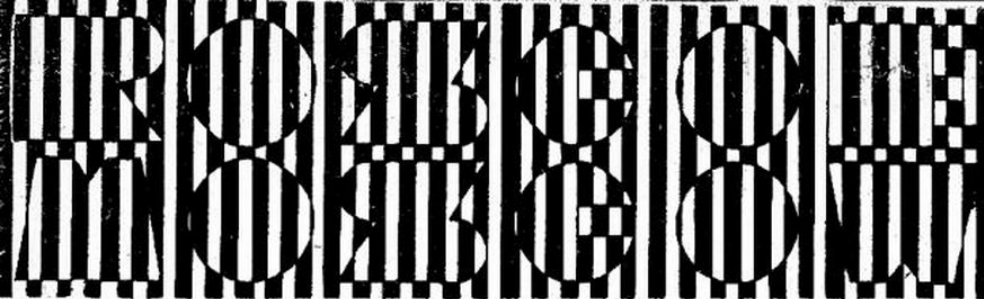
PART ONE:

"THE CORPSE WORE LEATHER!!"

IT WAS LATE, TOO LATE. I WAS
IN MY OFFICE, STACKIN' UP THE
Z'S WHEN THE PHONE RANG...



TO BE CONTINUED....



"IS THIS A RED
HERRING, OR AM
I NUTS, OR WHAT?"
- I MUSED!!

MEN'S SWEAT
ADVENTURES!

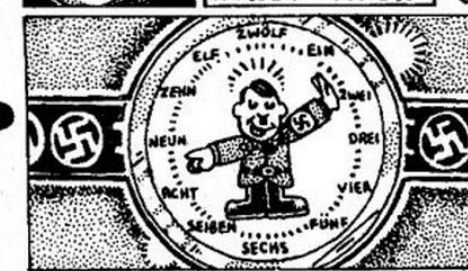
WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL?

2: THE FRENCH CORRECTION!!

ROCK N' ROLL WAS DEAD,
A MYSTERIOUS WRIST-
WATCH CLUTCHED IN
HIS MORTIFIED MITT!!
BUT THIS WAS NO FIVE
AND DIME ORDINARY WRISTWATCH!!
IT LOOKED... I DUNNO... "FUNNY"....

CRIMESTOPPERS' TEXTBOOK.

ORDINARY, SERIOUS
WRISTWATCH.
"FUNNY"
WRISTWATCH.



A COLLEGE PERFESSOR I AIN'T,
BUT I SURE KNEW FRENCH WHEN
I SAW IT!! HMM..SO I WAS LOOK-
ING FOR A HOMICIDAL FRENCH-
MAN!! ONLY ONE PERSON FITTED
THAT DESCRIPTION....

MY HAT! HE'S
GOT MY HAT!!
THE NAME ON
THE BELL WAS
JEAN-JAQUES
ROBESPIERRE..
..CUTE NAME!! I RANG.
IT PLAYED "LA VIE EN
ROSE." NO-ONE ANSWERED..

...I STEPPED INSIDE!

...I WAS
READY FOR
ANYTHING...

...MORE OR LESS...

EH BIEN! A JOURNALISTE, NON?
AH SPIT ON LES JOURNALISTES!!
PFUI!! OR PAIRHAPS THE MONSIEUR
IS A FEMINISTE, IS HE NOT??

..LAY OFF, CREEP,
OR I VENTILATE
YA LEOTARD!!-I
SNARLED QUIETLY...

...AH GO NUMBAIR TWO IN THE
BIDET OF FEMINISM!! 'OW ARE
YOU SAYING, MAH FAHN, FEATH-
ERED FREHN'? HAI!!

..I DECIDED TO
=AWK!< STRING HIM
=OOK!< ALONG FOR
A =WHURP!< WHILE...

GET UP!! GET UP,
YOU COWAIRD!!

..THEN AGAIN,
MAYBE NOT!!
"TAKE A =YIK!<
LOOK AT
=URK!< THIS
WRISTWATCH!!"
-I GROANED!

A WRISTWATCH? A GERMAN
WRISTWATCH? SO!! A WRISTWATCH
SALESMAN!!! AH DESPAHSE LES
WRISTWATCH SALESMEN!!!

HAI!!
..GERMAN?
PAINSTARTERS LOOK.
THE CHINESE BURN:
ONE OF TODAY'S MOST
COST-EFFECTIVE METH-
ODS OF CAUSING BLIND
CRIPPLING AGONY.

...HOWEVAIR, WHILE YOU ARE
HERE, AH WILL PLAY YOU MAH
NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDING...

...MERCIFULLY, I
LOST CONCI-
OUSNESS...
TO BE CONTINUED.. © CURT VILE '79.

ROSCOE MOSCOW



SLEEP!! IT'S THE BIG SLEEP!! NOT THE BIG SHEEP!! AIN'T THAT RIGHT, ROCHESTER?? SURE AS SHIT, BOSS!

A MIND ON THE SKIDS!

"WHO KILLED ROCK-ROLL?"

3: "THE BIG SHEEP!!"

ROCK N' ROLL WAS DEAD, AND I WAS -N'T FEELING SO GOOD MYSELF!! I'D BEEN KAYOED BY A CRAZED CONTINENTAL, AND FELT MYSELF SLIDING OFF THE EDGE OF THE BOARDGAME. MY IDEA OF A VACATION IT WASN'T....



..I WAS TRAVELLING FIRST CLASS ON THE CONCUSSION EXPRESS.. "MOTHER OF GOD!!" I MOANED, "IS THIS THE END OF ROSCOE??"



..MY LIFE FLASHED BEFORE MY EYES. I WANTED TO THROW UP. I THOUGHT ABOUT MY MOTHER...



...THERE WAS A PARTY GOING ON, AND ALL MY BOYHOOD HEROES WERE THERE! CISCO KID! ALVIN AND THE CHIPMUNKS!! BERT CERT! SABU THE JUNGLE BOY!! ISSY BONN!! A-AND BOGEY!!... I CHOKES MUST HAVE GOT SOMETHIN' IN MY EYE.



I FIGURED EVERYTHING WAS JUST JAKE, BUT SUDDENLY BOGART STARTS HITTING ME WITH A DEAD FISH, AND IT ALL GOT A LITTLE VAGUE!! WAS IT A JOKE?? OR WAS I DRIFTING BACK TO...



..CONCIOUSNESS!! A PLATOON OF MARINES WERE EXECUTING COMBAT MANOEUVRES IN MY SKULL!! MAXINE, MY LUSCIOUS SECRETARY, WAS COOING MATERNALLY INTO MY SHELL-LIKES!!



"OH ROSCOE!" SHE BREATHED, "ARE YOU HURT? IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU, I... I SHOULD JUST DIE!" "I'M FINE, DOLL." I GRUNTED. "DON'T SWEAT IT!!"



..SUDDENLY I REMEMBERED ROCKY'S MURDER AND THE MYSTERIOUS GERMAN WRISTWATCH, MY ONLY CLUE!! I DECIDED TO VISIT BERLIN....



"DAMES!!" I GROWLED, "YA CAN'T LIVE WITH 'EM, AND YA CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT 'EM!!" TURNING, I STALKED OFF INTO A NIGHT AS BLACK AS RAPIDOGRAPH INK....



..TO BE CONTINUED... CURT VILE © 1979



...IT WAS A LOUSY JOB, THE KIND WHERE ANY RATIONAL MAN WOULD'VE THROWN IN THE TOWEL. BUT NOT MRS. MOSCOW'S LITTLE BOY... I HAD ROCKY'S KILLER CORNERED SOMEWHERE IN THIS AREA AND I WAS CLOSIN' IN FAST...



WHEN I ARRIVED IN BERLIN I HAD "TRAVELLER'S TUMMY" AND AN ACUTE SENSE OF THE DECLINE O' WESTERN CIVILIZATION!! ...THIS PLACE NEEDED MORE ODD-BALLS THE WAY KING KONG NEEDED AFTERSHAVE...



...NOW, A LOT O' THESE SELF-STYLED, SO CALLED PRIVATE EYES SPEND ALL THEIR TIME GETTIN' SOUSED ON CHEAP HOOCH! BUT THAT AIN'T MY STYLE!! ME, I DECIDED TO REVIEW THE FACKS!!



FACT: ROCK 'N' ROLL WUZ DEAD! FACT: HIS KILLER HAD LEFT A BIZARRE GERMAN WRISTWATCH AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME....



...ERR..UNLESS IT WAS SOMEBODY ELSE'S.. OR MAYBE IT WAS ROCKY'S OWN WRISTWATCH..OR A DELIBERATE RED HERRING..OR POSSIBLY AN ELABORATE PUBLICITY STUNT BY TIMEX...

..BUT IF IT WAS THE KILLER'S WRISTWATCH, THEN THAT MEANT HE WAS A GERMAN!!!



..AH..OR PERHAPS A NIGERIAN NAZI MEMORABILIA FETISHIST...OR A SWEDE..AN ESKIMO EVEN...

..BUT ASSUMIN' THAT HE WAS A GERMAN, THEN HE HAD TO BE SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY...



..OR CONCEIVABLY SHEPHERD'S BUSH..OR UGANDA...OR ICE-LAND..OR DISNEYLAND...OR PARS...OR AFRICA...



..I DECIDED TO GO AND GET SOUSED ON CHEAP HOOCH...



MEANWHILE, BACK HOME...



..HELLO? SUNNYVUE HOME FOR THE MENTALLY DISTURBED? THIS IS MRS. MAXINE MOSCOW...I'D LIKE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE DR. VON ZYGOTE... YES...IT'S ABOUT MY HUSBAND...

CONTINUED... (THE FUN VILE)

ROSCOE MOSCOW'S

ALLURING AND
VIVACIOUS
YOUNG WIFE
THE ADORABLE

Maxine



...CHEE, THIS IS MY
FIRST COMIC STRIP
Y'KNOW...PLEASE
BE GENTLE...

SHE STANDS
BY HER MAN!

WHO KILLED ROCK-ROLL?

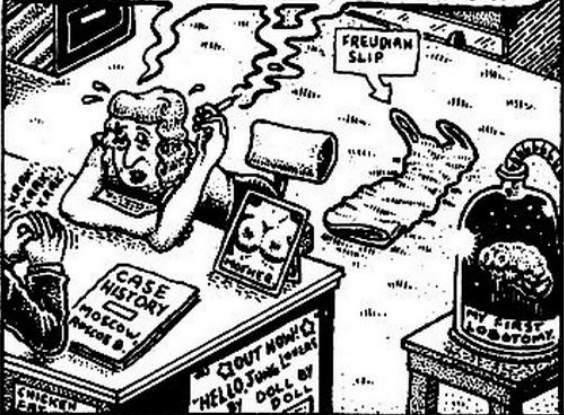
5: ENTER THE FOETAL FREUDIAN!

BERLIN WAS SLIGHTLY MORE
FUN THAN BEING EATEN ALIVE BY
TIGER ANTS. I HIT TOWN, THE
BOTTLE AND THE PITS, ROUGHLY
IN THAT ORDER..WHAT I DIDN'T
KNOW WUZ THAT BACK HOME,
MAXINE, MY SCATTERBRAINED
SEXPOT SECRETARY WAS CHEWIN'
THE FAT WITH DR. ZOLTAN VON
ZYGOTE, THE WORLD FAMOUS
DEFORMED PSYCHOLOGIST....



...AND THE FAT IN QUESTION WAS ME!!

...SO, LIKE, NOW ROSCOE THINKS THAT
HE'S A PRIVATE EYE, AN' HE THINKS THAT,
LIKE, I'M HIS SECRETARY, AND HE'S TAKEN
ALL THE MONEY OUT OF OUR JOINT BANK
ACCOUNT AND HE'S JUST SORT OF, ER,
GONE TO BERLIN, Y'KNOW, AND... AND...
OH, DR. VON ZYGOTE..WADDAMI GONNA
DO?? HE'S SUCH A MESSED-UP JERK....



..COME COME, MRS. MOSCOW!! WHILE
YOUR HUSBAND IS CERTAINLY WHAT
WE DOCTORS TERM A 'QUIVERING
SICKO', IT MAY NOT BE A CAUSE FOR
REAL CONCERN...WHAT IS FAR MORE
WORRYING IS THE POSSIBILITY OF
MR. MOSCOW'S OLD DRINK PROBLEM
REAPPEARING...



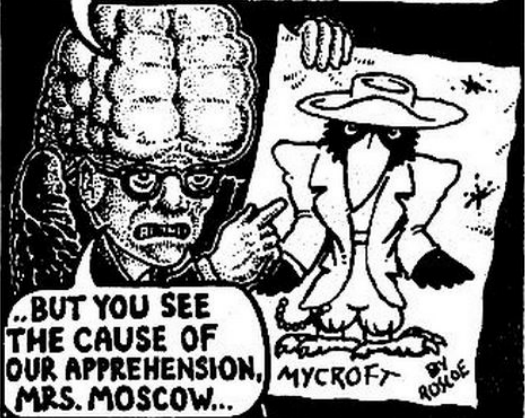
..I..I THINK SO DOCTOR...BUT, LIKE,
EVERY TIME I ASK HIM ABOUT HIS
DRINK PROBLEM HE JUST SAYS "I
DRINK, I FALL OVER. NO PROBLEM!!"
...Y'KNOW, DOC, SOMETIMES HE CAN
BE A REAL PAIN IN THE ASS...



..QUITE SO. BUT
FROM STUDYING
YOUR HUSBAND'S
FILE, I'VE FOUND
EVIDENCE OF
SERIOUS ALCO-
HOL INDUCED
DELUSIONS...



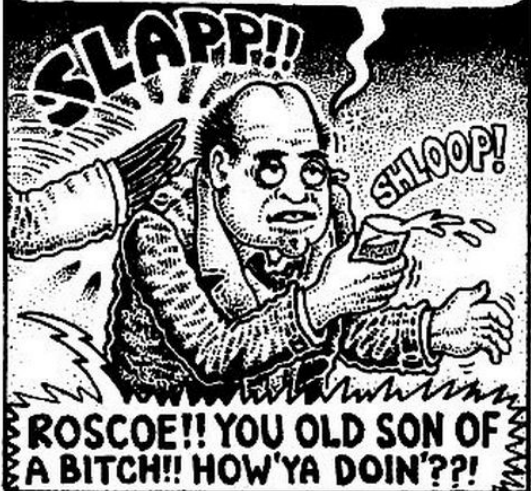
..FOR INSTANCE, MR. MOSCOW
EXECUTED THIS DRAWING DURING HIS
LAST STAY AT "SUNNYVUE"...IT SHOWS
"MYCROFT", A SIX-FOOT TALL CROW
WEARING A ZOOT SUIT. "MYCROFT"
WOULD APPEAR WHENEVER YOUR
HUSBAND DRANK TOO MUCH...WHEN
THE DRINKING STOPPED, "MYCROFT"
VANISHED...HOPEFULLY FOREVER....



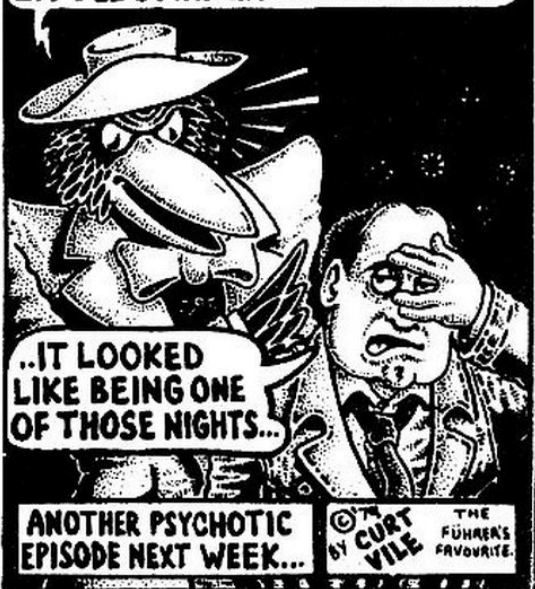
..SHOULD YOUR
HUSBAND HAVE EVEN
ONE DRINK. IT COULD
TRIGGER OFF A
PSYCHOTIC EPISODE
WITH HIDEOUSLY
TRAUMATIC
REPERCUSSIONS!!!



..MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE BER-
LIN BIERKELLER I'D JUST KILLED
MY EIGHTH SCHTRAIGHT SCHNAPPS
AND MORTALLY WOUNDED MY
NINTH, WHEN SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR
VOICE BUZZSAWED INTO MY SKULL...



LONG TIME NO SEE, EH, BUDDY??
KARK! KARK!...SAY, LE'S GET US A
LITTLE DRINKY..KARK! KAAAARRK!!



R ₁	O ₁	S ₁	C ₃	O ₁	E ₁
M ₃	O ₁		C ₃	O ₁	W ₄



..FRANKLY, I'D RATHER HAVE A FRONTAL LOBOTOMY!

THE SLEUTH WITH COUTH!

WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL?

6: LUSHED FOR LIFE!!

..IT WAS NIGHT. JUST LIKE ANY OTHER NIGHT... HOT ON THE SCENT OF ROCK N' ROLL'S KILLER, I WAS PURSUING MY INVESTIGATIONS IN THE BIERKELLERS OF BERLIN. MY ONLY COMPANION WAS A SIX-FOOT CROW WEARING A ZOOT SUIT CALLED MYCROFT....



..SAY, ROSCOE.. DIS SURE TAKES YA BACK, HUH? D'YA REMEMBER DAT TIME YA DISPLAYED YEZ BARE HAMS TA THAT WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEETIN' BACK IN '58??

KARK! KARK! KARRRRK!



HAW HAW!! YER FUGGIN' 'A' I DO!! HAW HAW HAW!! DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN I PROPOSED TO VELMA SCHWARZ, AN' YOU MADE ME LAUGH SO HARD THAT I THREW UP OVER HER MOTHER'S CHOW BITCH??

HAW HAW HAW HAW!!!



KARK! KARK! KARRRK!! VELMA SCHWARZ! KARK! KARK! JEEZUS! SHE MUSTA BEEN THE UGLIEST WOMAN IN THE WHOLE GODDAMM WORLD! KARK! KARK!!



..NOBODY BADMOUTH MY MAMA, YOU COOTY-ASS SON OF A BITCH!

...I ROARED...



..SAY, ROSCOE, WAIT A MINUTE!! I WUZ ONLY—



..MY MOTHER MADE ME EVERYTHING THAT I AM TODAY, GODDAMMIT!



..EVERYTHING..



WELLAH WELLAH!! LOOKY HERE!! NOW, JUST WHO IS THIS CHARACTER? I MEAN, JUST WHAT IS THIS GUY ALL ABOUT??



..LISTEN FELLA, I'M WIGGY PULP, THE LIVING LEGEND, AND I LIKE YOU! YOU'RE REAL! YOU'RE DESPERATE! C'MON... WE GONNA HAVE US A FUN TIME!!



ROSCOE MOSCOW



I'M IN WITH THE IN-CROWD DADDIO!! LET'S DIG' SOME 'BIRD!

HE'S THE SWEETHEART OF THE AVANT GARDE!!

"WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?"

7: TERROR OF THE TACTLESS 'TEC!!

..IT HAD STARTED OUT AS THE KIND OF BAR-ROOM BRAWL WITH A GIGANTIC ZOOT-SUITED IMAGINARY CROW THAT ANYBODY COULDA GOT INVOLVED IN...BUT THEN WIGGY PULP, THE CELEBRATED 'FAST CHARACTER' ARRIVED, AND THINGS GOT PLAIN RIDICULOUS....



"..HEY, WIGGY!" I WHINED, "WHERE ARE WE GOING??..AND WHUTHUHFUH HAPPENED TO MY CROW??"



YOUR CROW?? HA HA HA HA!! JESUS ROSCOE, YOU SLAY ME! HA HA HA! A GODDAM CROW!! HA HA HA HA!! THE BOSS IS GONNA LOVE YOU!!!

Y'SEE, ROSCOE, ME AND YOU IS TWO OF A KIND...WE BOTH UNDERSTAND THAT ONLY IN THE DEPTHS OF PAIN, MADNESS AND SELF DEGRADATION IS TRUE LIBERATION POSSIBLE...



..SURE WE DO!! THAT'S WHY WE SOMETIMES GOTTA SHOW THE WORLD THE SICKNESS IN IT'S SOUL BY STICKIN' OURSELF IN THE EYE WITH A BROKEN BOTTLE...



..IF GENIUS IS PAIN, THEN THIS GEEK MADE EINSTEIN LOOK LIKE A PIKER! BY THE TIME WE REACHED OUR DESTINATION, TWO HOURS LATER, HE WAS MISSING THREE TOES, ONE EAR-LOBE AND HIS APPENDIX...BUT MAYBE NOW I'D DISCOVER THE IDENTITY OF THE MYSTERIOUS 'BOSS' THAT WIGGY HAD REFERRED TO....



IT WAS A HIGH SOCIETY JOINT...THE HIGHEST!! CALLING THIS PLACE 'MODERN' WUZ LIKE CALLIN' JACK THE RIPPER AN ECCENTRIC...AND FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS WE WUZ ARRIVIN' IN MIDDLE OF A....



...PARTY! EVERYBODY WHO WUZ ANYBODY WUZ THERE...THEN SUDDENLY WIGGY STOPPED TRYING TO BITE HIS OWN NOSE OFF AND YELLED:



HEY! IT'S THE BOSS! HI, BOSS!! ..NOW REMEMBER ROSCOE, YA GOTTA TALK NICE, AND DON'T FORGET TO CURTSEY...



WIGGY, YOU DEAR SWEET, MIXED UP CHILD! IT'S BEEN AGES! AND..OH MY!! YOU'VE BROUGHT HOME ANOTHER OF YOUR QUANT FRIENDS!



..WE TRADED HANDLES...IT SEEMED LIKE 'THE BOSS' WUZ NONE OTHER THAN DAVID BOKO, THE SINGING BISEXUAL. (THIS IS HEP LINGO FOR A FAGGOT THAT CAN SPEAK TWO LANGUAGES....)

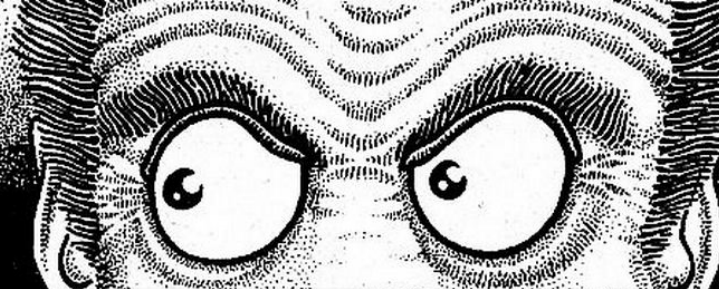


..I HAD TO CHOOSE MY WORDS CAREFULLY, TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION! "WE'LL GET ALONG JUST FINE, BUDDY," I SNARLED, "AS LONG AS YA CAN KEEP YA HANDS OFFA MY OL' BEEF BAZOOKA!!"



MORE SICK HUMOUR THAT SERVES NO PURPOSE NEXT WEEK! STOP ME BEFORE I BAWL AGAIN!!

ROSCOE MOSCOW



**"WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N' ROLL?"**
PART EIGHT: SEND IN THE
CLONES!!

..THE HUNT FOR ROCK 'N' ROLL'S
KILLER HAD LED ME TO BERLIN
AND THE MANSION OF DAVID
BOKO. DOWNSTAIRS, AT THE
PARTY, THEY WUZ STILL
KICKING THE GONG AROUND.
UPSTAIRS, I SEARCHED FURTIVELY
FOR CLUES... COULD IT ALL BE A
HOMMA-SECKSHUL CONSPIRACY??



..I AIN'T SAYIN' THIS PLACE WUZ
CREEPY, BUT IT MADE THE 'INNER
SANCTUM' LOOK LIKE THE GLEE
CLUB... INVESTIGATIN' AN UNLOCKED
DOOR I FOUND MYSELF IN SOME KINDA
LIBRARY. NOW ME, I ALLUS SEZ YA
CAN TELL A FAGOLA BY THE BOOKS
HE READS... THERE WUZNT ONE HAROLD
ROBBINS IN THA WHOLE BUNCH....



..SUDDENLY, A HAND LIKE
A DEAD SQUID LANDED
ON MY SHOULDER!! I
REACTED WITH HAIR-
TRIGGER SWIFTNESS...

EEEEEEK!
...I SQUEALED...



'NOTHIN' YOU CAN PRO-
VIDE, BUDDY BOY!!' I
SNARLED, PUSHING PAST
HIM INTO THE CORIDOR...



..FUNNY THOUGH, HE
LOOKED KINDA DIFFERENT
FROM THE WAY HE HAD
DOWNSTAIRS... MUSTA
BIN A TRICK O' THE LIGHT.

MY STEEL TRAP MIND
WAS WEIGHING THA
FACKS WHEN SUDDENLY
I ROUNDED A CORNER AND

YURP!
...I YURPED...



"UP YOURS, WEIRDOH!!" I QUIPPED
URBANELY, AS MY FEET DID
THEY STUFF!! THIS FREAKO-
PERVO-SICKO GOT AROUND
FASTER THAN CLAP AT A BIKER
RALLY, AN' IT WUZ GETTIN' ME
RATTLED!! BUT I WUZ HEP TO
LOVERBOY'S LITTLE GAME... THE
IDEA WUZ TO DIS-ORIENTALATE
ME TILL I DROPPED MY GUARD, AND
THEN WHAMMO!!-HE SLIPS ME
THE OL' STEAK SUPPOSITORY....



..BUT ROSCOE MOSCOW
IS NOBODY'S PATSY, AN' IF
THIS SQUIFFY-EYED FRUIT-
CAKE THOUGHT HE COULD...
GAAHHHH!!!

JUST WHAT IN HELL
WUZ GOIN' ON? HOW
WUZ THIS JOKER MOVIN'
SO FAST? I DUCKED INTO
AN UNLIT ROOM AND
LOCKED THE DOOR.. "AT
LAST!" I BREATHED, "ALONE!"



**..WRONG AGAIN,
ROSCOE MOSCOW!!**



..IT WAS A BAD SITUATION-
THE WORST!! THERE WUZ
ONLY ONE THING TO DO..
SUMMONIN' EVERY LAST
RESERVE O' COURAGE
AN' DETERMINATION AT
MY COMMAND, I FAINTED!



TO BE
CONTINUED... © 1984 THE
PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

A ROSCOE MOSCOW Thriller.

MAY

Weird Tales

25¢



..ASK ME, KINDA GUY WRITES DIS SORTA JUNK, HE GOTTA BE "ON THE STUFF," KNOW WHADDI MEAN?

WHO KILLED ROSEMARY?

PART NINE: "BUT HE THINKS HE'D BLOW OUR MINDS!"

..I REMEMBERED A BRAIN-BLISTERING GLIMPSE OF NINE DOZEN XEROXED DAVID BOKOS (AND BELIEVE ME, ONE WUZ TOO MANY!) BEFORE THE LIGHT WENT OUT!! NOW I WUZ BEING REVIVED BY WIGGY PULP, BOY AUTO DESTRUCT ARTIST, AN' SUM HI-BROW BIZARRO I NEVER SEEN BEFORE!! I'D HEARD OF ABSURDITY...



...BUT DIS WUZ RIDICULOUS...

WELCOME BACK, ROSCOE.... AHH...I GUESS DA SIGHT O' THA BOSS IN HIS MULTIPLICITY JUST ABOUT DAMPED YA DIODES, HUH? OH, BY THE WAY, THIS IS "BRAIN ONE"...HE'S DA CHIEF'S ..AHH.."TECHNICAL ADVISOR"...



"CUT THE POOPADOODLE, YA CREEPOS!!" ..I GROWLED.. "I WANT ANSWERS...AN' FAST!! WHAT'S WITH THE LEGION O' LIMP-WRISTED LOOKALIKES, HUH?? WHICH IS THA REAL DAVID BOKO??"



©'79 BY CURT "BITE MY CRANK" VILE.

..NO..YA SEE, THE REAL DAVID BOKO AIN'T GOT THE NECESSARY...UHH..."TEEN APPEAL" FOR A BIG CHART KILLING, SO HE HIRES ALL DESE DOPPLEGANGERS, ONE TA CUT DA NEW ALBUM, ONE TA MAKE THA FILM, ONE DOIN' THE TOUR 'AN' SO ON... BUT LISSEN'...THE REAL BOSS IS JUST THROUGH THAT DOOR...WHY NOT ASK HIM YASELF? OH, AN' THERES NO SWEAT..HE AIN'T REALLY BISEXUAL...



..ALTHOUGH, PERHAPS WE SHOULD WARN YOU THAT MR.BOKO, COMING AS HE DOES FROM A SOMEWHAT... ..ERR..EXOTIC ETHNIC BACKGROUND MAY SOMETIMES ELICIT A RESPONSE OF PROFOUND DISORIENTATION FROM THE INTERVIEWEE....



HE'S SOME KINDA WOPPO, HUH? WELL LISSEN, BALOON BRAINS, I DON'T GIVE A FLYIN' ONE, JUST SO LONG AS HE AIN'T A.C/D.C!! I MEAN, WHAT'S WORSE THAN BEIN' A PREVERT?



BIZARRE SCIENCE FICTION TRUE DETECTIVE HIDEOUS MURDER COMICS WEEKLY PRESENTS

ROSCOE MOSCOW



...DOWN THESE MEAN STRIPS A CARTOON CHARACTER GOTTA GO...

WHO KILLED ROCK-ROLL?

EPISODE TEN:

©79 BY CURT VILE THE WORLD'S BEST FORGOTTEN BOY.

"I WAS ON FIRST NAME TERMS WITH A MONSTER IN OUTER SPACE"

..I FIGGERED I'D HAD IT ROUGH... WHEN I STARTED MY MAN-HUNT FER ROCKY'S KILLER I'D OPENED A CAN O' WORMS!! BUT DAVID BOKO HAD IT WORSE...



DON'T SAY A WORD, MR MOSCOW. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING... "WHAT'S A NICE EXTRATERRESTRIAL SLIME-MONSTER LIKE ME, DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?"



..IT WAS BACK ON MY HOME WORLD IN THE TAU CETI SYSTEM. I USED TO BE A BIG STAR, WORSHIPPED BY BILLIONS..."



..ALL MY RECORDS WENT "PLUTONIUM" INSTANTLY... MY SONGS WERE ON EVERYONE'S NOISE FLAPS...THE CRITICS ADORED ME..."



..BUT INEVITABLY THE BUBBLE HAD TO BURST, AND ONE DAY..."



..AND SO, LIKE SO MANY TAU CETIAN TAX EXILES BEFORE ME, I HIT THE TRAIL OF TEARS LEADING TO EARTH...



..THE REST YOU KNOW...ONCE HERE I HIRED WIGGY PULP AND "BRAIN ONE" TO LOOK AFTER ME, AND THE HORDE OF IDENTICAL "DAVID BOKOS" TO PERFORM MY SONGS...



"LISTEN, BUSTER," I SNARLED "DON'T THINK I'M FOOLED BY THE HALOWEEN COSTUME FER A MINNIT!! ALL I WANT IS SOME INFORMATION..LIKE MAYBE WHO OWNS THIS MYSTERIOUS GERMAN WRISTWATCH!!"



HMM..THE CHRONOMETER DOES SEEM FAMILIAR... PERHAPS IF YOU COULD WAIT IN THE NEXT ROOM WITH MY TWO HENCHMEN I MAY RECALL SOMETHING...



..HOWEVER, IN A SECRET HIDEOUT MANY MILES DISTANT...



WHO KILLED ROCK-ROLL?

STARRING:

ROSCOE MOSCOW



COULD HE BE AS STUPID AS HE LOOKED?

WITH:

CURT VILE



WAS MONEY THE MOTIVE?

AND INTRODUCING:

RODNEY RECTANGLE



HE PLAYED IT STRAIGHT BUT HE WAS LIABLE TO BE RUBBED OUT AT ANY MINUTE!

ELEVEN: HOLIDAY IN BERLIN (FULL BLOWN)

AS THE DETECTIVE

AS THE ARTIST

AS THE PANEL BORDER

DAVID BOKO, "THE SEAFOOD SALAD THAT WALKED LIKE A MAN" HAD PROMISED ME A HOT TIP-OFF. I WUZ BIDIN' MYTIME IN THE COMPANY OF THE ENIGMATIC "BRAIN ONE" AN' LOVABLE NUTS-BOY, WIGGY PULP...



NOW I'M STICKING MY ARM INTO THE SAUSAGE-MACHINE...

YEAARGH

"WHAT I WUZ TOTALLY UNAWARE OF, HOWEVER, WUZ THAT COUNTLESS MILES AWAY, A CHARACTER KNOWN ONLY AS "THE SINISTER GLOVES" HAD JUST PRESSED THE BUTTON THAT SPELLED SIZZLING NUCLEAR DEATH FOR THE WHOLA BERLIN!"



AHH, AMBROSE, MY STEADFAST ARMADILLOID AMIGO ONLY YOU TRULY UNDERSTAND ME... SIGH...

MEANWHILE, IT WUZ LATE, TOO LATE. I FELT OLD AND USED. "SAY, YA FREAKOS!" I BARKED "I COULD USE ME SOME SHUTEYE! SOMEBODY SHOW ME THE SACK!"



ELSEWHERE IN THE MANSION THE WHOLE SICK CREW WUZ STILL PARTYIN' IT UP, SO "BRAIN ONE" TAKES ME DOWN TO THE "SUB-BASEMENT SUITE." QUIET? IT WUZ LIKE A LULL IN CONVERSATION BETWEEN HARPO MARX AN' MARCEL MARCEAU!! "SO DIS IS THA' PLACE, HUH?" I QUERIED.



QUITE SO, MR. MOSCOW. THE MOST RESTFUL APARTMENT IN THE BUILDING. I BELIEVE THE WALLS ARE TWO FOOT THICK AT LEAST...

"OKAY, SHITEHEEL," I SNAPPED AS THE DOOR SWUNG SHUT BEHIND HIM, "I DIDN'T ASK FER YA LIFE-STORY!"



ALONE AT LAST! MAYBE WHEN I AWOKE "DAVID BOKO" WOULD'VE COME THROUGH WITH THE INFO THAT I NEEDED... ZZZZZ

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS AT THE PARTY



WHAT'S HAPPENING? THESE JADED "HIGH ROLLERS" SEEM GALVANISED BY SOME NEW "JOIE DE VIVRE"!!?

YOU DIDN'T HEAR? SOME HEP-CAT'S DROPPIN' A BUNCH A NUKES ON BERLIN IN FIVE MINUTES!! KEEN, HUH? I'M JUST TAKIN' MY APPARATUS UP TO THE ROOF TO CELEBRATE...



UHH... APPARATUS?? CELEBRATE??

SURE!! ONE O' THE MISSILES IS GONNA LAND ON THE ROOF SO I GOT MY ACID BATH, AND MY PIRHANAS, AND THIS 1000 VOLT CABLE...



WHAAA?

AN' THEN I SET UP THA' ACID BATH ON THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE MISSILE IS GONNA HIT, PUT IN THE PIRHANAS (HEH HEH) AND THEN THE (SNICKER) CABLE, AN' THEN I (TEE HEE) CLIMB IN.

GOORAAAGH!

SPUT

BUBBLE

SEETH

CHOMP & CRASH

AND THUS I CONSUMMATE MY "LIFE PLAYED FOR KEEPS" WITH A FEW JEWELLED, EXQUISITE MOMENTS OF MIND-BOGGLING UNENDURABLE TORMENT!!! IT'S THA' ULTIMATE KICK! IT'S THE OUTER LIMITS!! I'M TELLIN' YA, DAD...

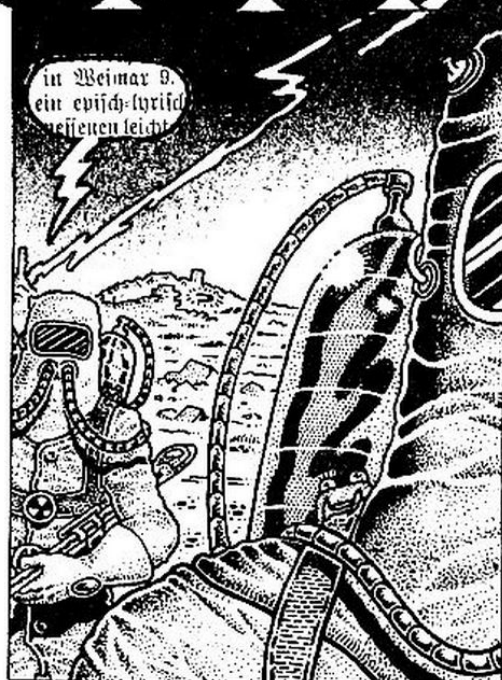


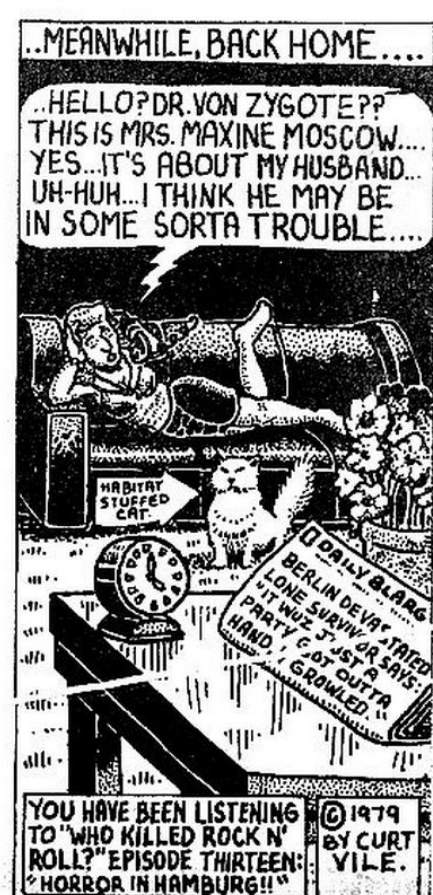
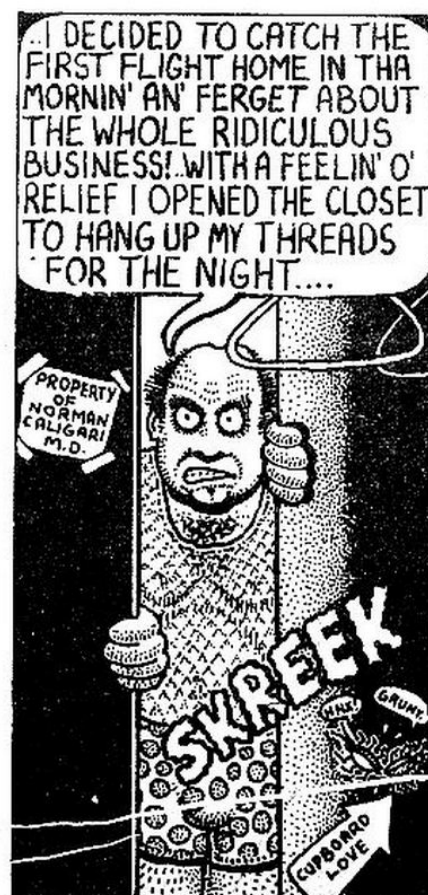
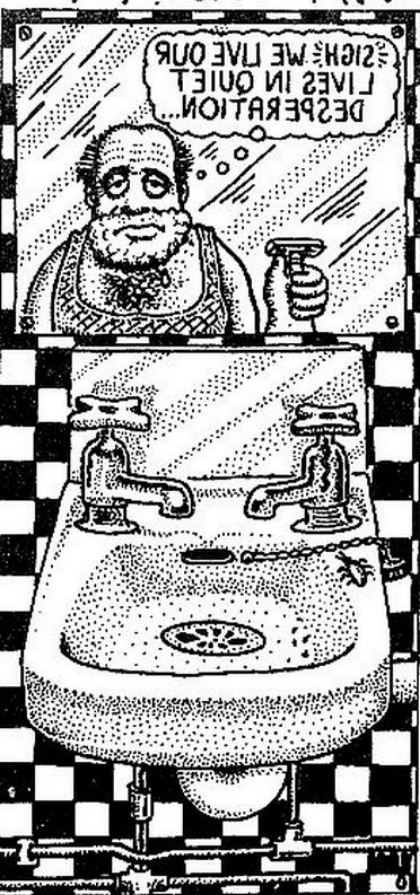
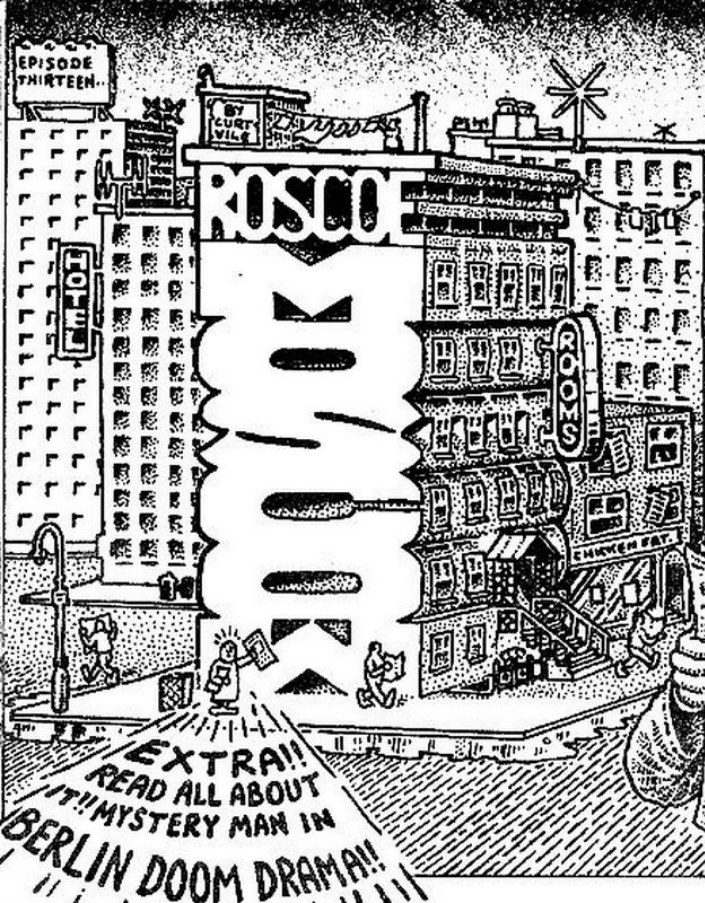
IT'S "ENDSVILLE!!"

TO BE CONTINUED?

ROSCOE MOSCOW

© 1979 By
Curt Vile







"IT WUZ 90° IN THE SHADE, BUT MY BLOOD RAN COLDER THAN A SIX-PACK OF BUD AS I LOOKED INTO THA FACE O' THE TERRIBLE FIGURE COMING OUTTA MY CLOSET AND RECOGNISED IT AS BELONGIN' TO...."



"HEH HEH!! BETCHA RILLY SURPRISED TO SEE ME, HUH? BUDDY, HAVE I GOT A STORY TO TELL YOU! WHY DONCHA GET DRESSED, AN' THEN I CAN GIVE YA THA WHOLE SCAM WHILE WE GET MELLOW..."



"...OVER A DRINK..."

"...SO THERE I WAS, STUCK IN THE ACID BATH WITH TWO DOZEN PAIN-CRAZED PIRHANAS AN' A THOUSAND VOLT CABLE, WIT' THA MISSILES DIVIN' TOWARD ME: EEEYOWW!!"



"...BY A FREAK **BILLION-TO-ONE** ACCIDENT, THE SHORTED 1000 V. CABLE CREATED A **POWERFUL ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELD**..."



"...DEFLECTIN' THE MISSILES AN' PROTECTIN' ME FROM THE SUBSEQUENT BLAST!!! PRETTY LUCKY, HUH??"

"...NO SUCH LUCK FER THE PIRHANAS!! THEY ALL **CROAKED** DUE TO THE **TOXIC EFFECTS** OF THE **ACID**, AND IT'S A CERT THAT I WOULD'VE GONE THE SAME WAY!! **HOWEVER**..."



"THE EFFECT OF THE VAST **ELECTRICAL CURRENT**, PLUS THE **UNPREDICTABLE RADIATION** WAS TO **STRANGELY TRANSMUTE** THE LETHAL ACID..."

"...CHANGIN' IT INTO A **COMPLETELY HARMLESS** BUT **CURIOUSLY RADIATION-RESISTIN'** SUBSTANCE WHICH SHIELDED ME FROM THE **FALL-OUT**!!"



"...ISN'T THAT THE MOST **UNBELIEVABLE** THING YOU EVER HEARD?! BUT THATS NOT ALL!! Y'SEE, ROSCOE..."



"...I KNOW WHO KILLED **ROCK N' ROLL**!!!"



"...MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE ELSE ALLTOGETHER..."

"...HMM!! AMBROSE-GET A MESSAGE TO OUR HAMBURG OPERATIVE AND TELL HIM THAT I WANT THOSE TWO **FRUITCAKES ICED IMMEDIATELY**!!!"



CONTINUED...

HORROR IN HAMBURG!! WITH A SICK FEELIN' O' DREAD I RECOGNISED THE TERRIBLE FIGURE EMERGING FROM MY WARDROBE!! IT WUZ FUNNY, BUT ALL I COULD THINK OF WUZ MAXINE, FAITHFUL MAXINE, THE BLONDE I'D LEFT BEHIND!! HOW WORRIED ABOUT ME SHE'D BE, HOW VULNERABLE...



"MOONLIGHT + MUNCHKINS!!"

...EVEN LATER...

CRIMINY, DOC!! YER A REAL PEACHY DANCER!! I SURE APPRECIATE A GUY WHO GOT PLENNY O' CULCHA! ROSCOE'S TANGO USE'TA BE RILLY BAD NEWS, IF YA TAKE MY MEANIN'!!



"HOW LONELY AND MISERABLE!!"

CHEE, DR. VON ZYGOTE!! IT'S REAL SWELL OF YA T' TAKE ME FER A MEAL AT A RITZY JOINT LIKE DIS!! YER A SHRINK INNA MILLION!!



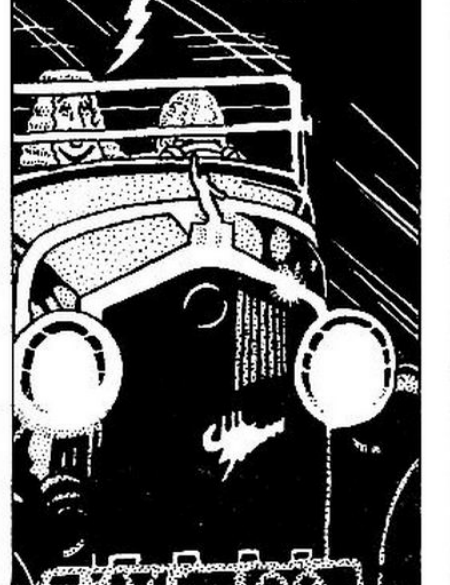
THINK NOTHING OF IT, MY DEAR MRS. MOSCOW!! ALL MY CONSULTATION TIME WAS BOOKED, AND I DO TAKE A VERY...ER...SPECIAL INTEREST IN YOUR HUSBANDS CASE!!



— EPISODE 15 OF 'WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL' A CARTOON ROMANCE BY CURT "MR. SLOPPY OLD SENTIMENTALIST HIMSELF" VILE.

...THEREAFTER...

WHAT A SWELL NIGHT!! DOC, I GOTTA SAY THAT FER A LITTLE GUY, YOU GOT A HEART AS BIG AS ALL OUTDOORS, AN' I AIN'T JUST SAYIN' THAT...



..I MEAN, LIKE, ROSCOE AN' ME, WE'RE JUST PLAIN FOLK, Y'KNOW! AN' FER YOU T' GO OUTTA YER WAY T' HELP US LIKE THIS IS JUST SO GLITZY!! WHAT I MEAN DOC IS YER A REAL "GOOD SUMERIAN"!!



MRS. MOSCOW, I ASSURE YOU, YOUR CHARMING COMPANY IS AMPLE REWARD IN ITSELF! IT'S NOT OFTEN A HIDEOUSLY MISSHA-PEN DWARF SUCH AS I CAN ENJOY SUCH RADIANT COMPANSHIP...

..LATER, OVER DINNER...

..AND SO, LIKE, WHEN I HEARD ABOUT THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION O' BERLIN, I THOUGHT "JEEZ, ROSCOE, YA REALLY SHOT YA WAD DIS TIME!!" KNOW WHADDI MEAN?



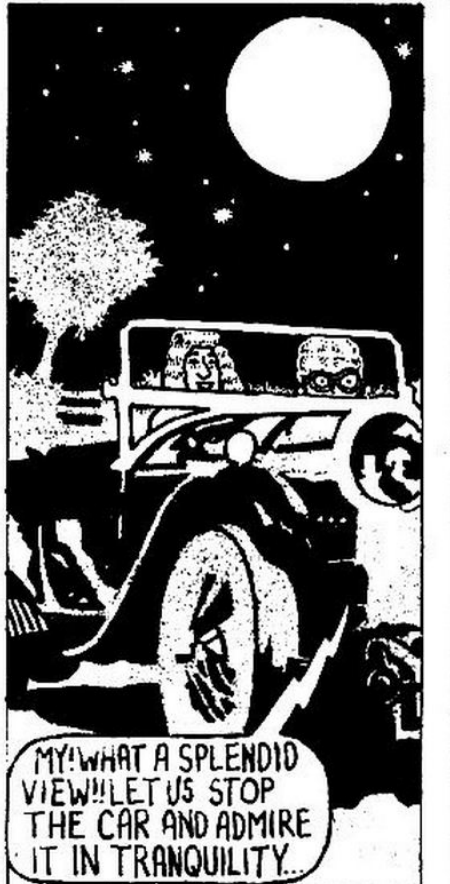
TSK TSK! IT MUST BE VERY TRYING FOR YOU!! DO HAVE SOME MORE OF THIS CHARMING WINE....

...LATER STILL....

...AN' ALSO, LIKE, WHADDAMI SUPPOSED T' BE DOIN' WHILE ROSCOE'S SHOOTIN' 'ROUND THA WORLD GETTIN' BOMBS DROPPED ON HIM, HUH? I MEAN, I'M A YOUNG WOMAN DOC, Y'KNOW??



..QUITE SO, MY DEAR, QUITE SO... HERE, ALLOW ME TO FURNISH YOU WITH A REFILL....



TO BE CONFOUNDED.
VILE-O-VISION
© 1979 PAT. PEND.

WITH **IN WHICH** **ROSCOE MOSCOW** **DOESN'T LEARN WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL?**

GLOVES

CROWS

POISON

EPISODE 16: "O-DEED ON LIFE ITSELF!"

PLUS ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING. (LEMON)

GAH-PRUNES!!!

"HELLO, HAMBURG? 'GLOVES' HERE..."

"YOU HAVE A MR. MOSCOW AND A MR. PULP CURRENTLY IMBIBING AT YOUR ESTABLISHMENT..."

"SEE THAT THEY GET A LITTLE EXTRA SOMETHING WITH THEIR DRINKS..."

"...SO ANYWAY, THERE I WUZ, STUMBLIN' OUTTA THE RUINS O' DAVID BOKO'S MANSION, WHEN SUDDENLY I CAME ACROSS... THE MESSAGE!!"

PLOP!

"..IT WAS SCRAWLED IN THE DUST, SEE, IN WHAT LOOKED LIKE DAVID BOKO'S HAND-WRITIN', AN IT SAID...HUH?"

"..YOUR DRINKS, SIR..."

"..OH YEAH, SURE, WHERE WUZ I?"

"WIGGY PAUSED AN' TOOK A SIP AT HIS DRINK!! I WUZ ABOUT TO DO LIKEWISE, WHEN OUTTA THA CORNER OF MY BABY-BLUES I SAW..."

"PST... ROSCOE!! IT'S ME... MYCROFT! ENJOYIN' THE DRINK 'OL' BUDDY?"

"KARRK KARRK KARRK!"

"...OH JEEZUS..."

ROCK PARANOIDS: PLAY THE LAST PANEL OF THIS STRIP BACKWARDS AT 78 R.P.M. AND DISCOVER A SECRET MESSAGE TELLING YOU SOMETHING TO YOUR ADVANTAGE CONCERNING PAUL McCARTNEY AND JIM MORRISON!!!

"..I NEEDED A DRINK THE SAME WAY THE MONA LISA NEEDED A HARE-LIP... WITH A TREMBLIN' HAND I PUT THE UNTOUCHED GLASS BACK ON THE TABLE..."

"KARRK KARRK KARRK!"

"SLURP... JEEZ, THAT SURE HIT THE SPOT... OH YEAH! I WUZ JUST GONNA TELL YA ABOUT THE MESSAGE..."

"JUNIOR G-MAN NOTEPAD"

"LEMME GET THIS DOWN!!"

"..SO ANYWAY, THE MESSAGE, WHEN I READ IT OUT, SAID..."

GHEORRP!!

"SPELL THAT, WILLYA?"

SMASH!

"WIGGY? I SAID 'WILLYA SPELL THAT?' WIGGY?"

"WIGGY?"

"GIKE GIKE GIKE GIKE"

"LISTEN FELLA, I GROWLED DANGEROUSLY 'ARE YOU GONNA TAKE THIS THING SERIOUSLY, OR AINCHA? THAT'S WHAT I WANNA KNOW!!"

"WELL??"

"I'M WAITIN' FER AN ANSWER!!"

"WHADDAYA SAY??"

"I AIN'T GOT ALL DAY, BUDDY!!"

"GIKE GIKE GIKE GIKE"

TO BE CONTINUED....

© 1979 BY CURT "I FOUGHT THE LAW" VILE

ROCK MOTION

WIGGY!! WILL YOU QUIT HORSING AROUND AND GIMME A STRAIGHT ANSWER, YOU ZANY??!

"WHO KILLED ROCK & ROLL?"

..I SNAPPED...



..GIK..GIK..GIK..GIK..



I WAS GETTIN' NO-WHERE FAST, AN' IT WUZ NO SLEIGH-RIDE!! LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT WIGGY HAD BEEN POISONED.

..POISONED BY THE SINISTER GLOVES!..

PUKE-HOGS OF PERFDY!! THAT OVERWEIGHT OAF IS STILL ALIVE!! HE LEAVES ME NO CHOICE BUT TO DISPATCH MY "SUDDEN DEATH ARIEL COMMANDOS!!"



EPISODE SEVENTEEN:

..MEANWHILE, I WUZ STILL TRYIN' TO GET SOME SENSE OUTTA WIGGY, BUT ALL HE KEPT SAYIN' WUZ "GIK GIK GIK" AN' SOMETHING THAT SOUNDED LIKE "KLUNKKLANK!" IT WUZ ALL RELATIVITY TO ME!! SUDDENLY...



"ICH BIN EIN HAMBURGER!"

..AHH.. "LISSEN, SISTER," I GAWPED "JUST WHO IN HELL ARE YOU??"

I AM MECHANO, "WIGGY PULP'S ONLY TRUE FAN." (REG. TRADEMARK) BUT NOW HE IS DYING, AND I HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR... UNLESS...



..UNLESS I CAN GET A BOOT-LEG TAPE OF HIS DYING BREATH!

C'MON, BWAH!! LET'S HEAR THAT OL' DYING BREATH...

"DAMES!" I GASPED. "JUST WHEN YA THINK YA GOTTEM FIGGERED OUT..."



GIK GIK GIK

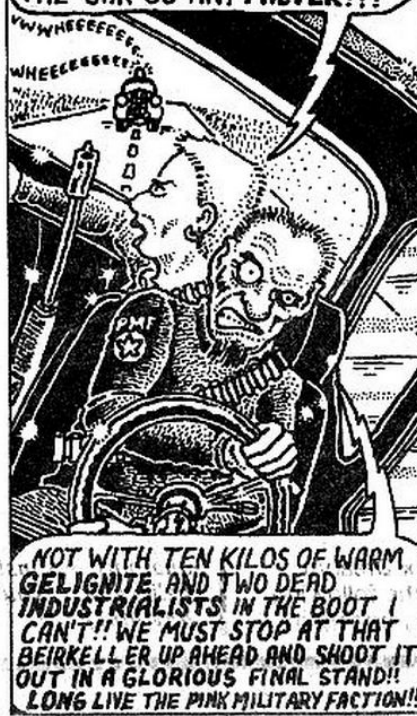
..MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...

PHEE-HAW!! SAY! THIS ANNUAL EUROPEAN CYCLE TOUR IS THE BEST IDEA US "FREEWAY FUCK-DOGS" HAD YET!! WHATSAY, LEROY?



..NOT FAR AWAY...

THE VERDAMMT CRYPTO-FASCIST POLITZEI ARE GAINING ON US KARL!! CAN'T YOU MAKE THE CAR GO ANY FASTER???



NOT WITH TEN KILOS OF WARM GELIGNITE AND TWO DEAD INDUSTRIALISTS IN THE BOOT I CAN'T!! WE MUST STOP AT THAT BEIRKELLER UP AHEAD AND SHOOT IT OUT IN A GLORIOUS FINAL STAND!! LONG LIVE THE PINK MILITARY FACTION!!

..AND AS BELOW, SO ABOVE...

OKAY, YOU SUDDEN DEATH ARIEL COMMANDOS... THERE'S THE OBJECTIVE BELOW!! NOW, REMEMBER OUR ORDERS: "STRAIGHT IN THROUGH THE WINDOW AND ATOMISE ANYTHING THAT BREATHES!!"



WHILE INSIDE THE HAPLESS HOSTELRY...

Y'KNOW, MYCROFT, 'OL BUDDY. SOMETIMES, WHEN THINGS GET BEYOND A JOKE, I UNNERSTAND HOW SOME GUYS JUST LOSE THEIR GRIP AND RETREAT INTO A FANTASY WORLD... KNOW WHADDI MEAN???



CONTINUED... © 79 BY CURT

WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL?
EPISODE EIGHTEEN: "FRY THE
KRAUTS ON PASSION BRIDGE!!!"
GRATUITOUS SPILLED INNARDS
FOR THE YOUNG SOPHISTICATE....

APPROVED
BY THE
THREE
LEGGED
TOAD



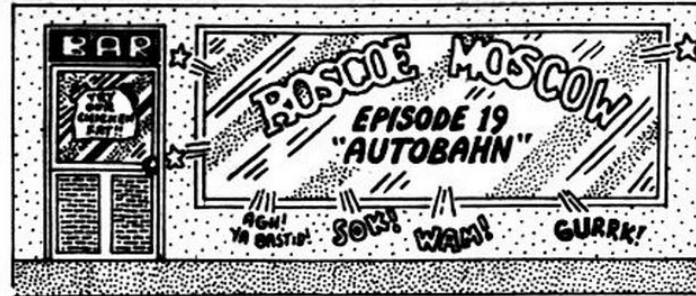
CABAL

DEDICATED TO S. CLAY WILSON. LONG MAY HE FELCH!!



IN WHICH
ROSCOE MOSCOW
ENJOYS A POINTLESS
ALTERCATION WITH
VARIOUS POLICEMEN,
TERRORISTS, ARIEL COMM-
ANDOS, AND THE ENTIRE
"FREEWAY FUCKDOGS"
MOTORCYCLE
CLUB...

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...I WOKE UP... THE DAYLIGHT WUZ GIVIN' ME THE KINDA WELCOME THAT DEMPSEY GAVE FIRPO, AND STRAIGHTAWAY I KNEW SOMETHIN' WUZ WRONG!! MECHANO, MY ONLY TRUE (REG. TRADEMARK) FAN, WUZ GONE...

...LIKEWISE MY CLOTHES...

JEEZUS...



THERE WUZ A NOTE ON THE SEAT BESIDE ME, A HINT OF PERFUME IN THE AIR... I WUZ SUDDENLY FILLED WITH THAT OVERPOWERIN' SENSE OF LOSS THAT A GUY GETS WHEN HE'S ALL ALONE IN A STRANGE LAND, SITTIN' IN A STOLEN CAR AN' WEARIN' A BONDAGE COSTUME...



DEAR HEER MOSCOW I AM GONE FOR SORTING OUT VERY IMPORTANT THINGS IN 'THE ROSCOE MOSCOW FAN CLUB' (FORMERLY WIGGY PULP FAN CLUB) VERY SORRY BUT I HAVE BEEN TAKING YOUR CLOTHES ALSO AS I WOULD LOOK SILLY WALKING HOME IN G-STRING AND BONDAGE BOOTS YOU ARE WELCOME TO BE HAVING OF THEM, YOUR ONLY TRUE FAN @ MECHANO.

IT WUZ ALL TOO MUCH, TOO EARLY... I CLIMBED OUTTA THE CAR AND DECIDED TO CHECK IF THE V.W.'S FORMER OWNER HAD STASHED ANYTHIN' RESEMBLIN' A SIX-PAK O' HEINEKEN IN THA BOOT...



IT WUZ REASSURIN' TO THINK THAT LEASTWAYS, LIFE COULD HOLD FEW SUPRISES FOR ME NOW...

...LIGHTEARTEDLY, I OPENED THE BOOT, AND...



'GHURRP! GOOSH! YURK! BLEORCH! WHUALK!!' ...I GAGGED...



...MEANWHILE...

HOLY KAZOOSIS, ZOLTAN-POPS! YOU REALLY THINK THAT ROSCOE'S SOME KINDA DANGEROUS MANIAC WHO MIGHT SNAP AT ANY MINNIT??



MY DEAR MAXINE YOUR HUSBAND HAS SUFFERED ENOUGH HIDEOUS TRAUMAS TO UNHINGE A CAULIFLOWER!! THE SLIGHTEST UPSET COULD SEND HIM UTTERLY "DOO-LALLY" AS WE PSYCHIATRISTS SAY...

CHEE! THA POOR SHMUCK!!... MAYBE I SHOULD WAIT A WHILE BEFORE I FILE FER DIVORCE!! I DONT WANNA CRUCIFY THA JOIK, KNOW WHADDI MEAN??

AHH, MAXINE MY WATER NYMPH, YOU ARE THE SOUL OF CHARITY!! NOW, LET'S PLAY "SINK THE BISMARK" AGAIN... HEH HEH...



TEE HEE! Y'KNOW, ZOLTAN, HONEY, FER A HYDROCEPHALIC DWARF YOU SURE ARE WELL-DEVELOPED, REPRODUCTIVE ORGAN-WISE!! NOW, ROSCOE, ON THA OTHER HAND...

...MEANWHILE...

...I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY IN MY LIFE!



MORE GUT-WRENCHING PATHOS NEXT WEEK

Curt Vile
PRESENTS:

ROSCOE

THE BARBARIAN



WELL!! HOW
D'YA LIKE DAT!!

IN

EPISODE
TWENTYONE

"WHO KILLED ROCK'N'ROLL?"

"A DORK IN THE BLACK FOREST!!"

...A FOREST, SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY...

GAW-DAMMIT, "SPARK-PLUG," OL' BOY!! CAN'T YOU GO ANY FASTER?? WE BIN TRYIN' TO GET OUTTA THIS HERE FOREST FOR HOURS!!



"IN FACT I'M STARTIN' TO GET THA IMPRESSION I'D BE BETTER OFF WALKING!!" ...I GROWLED....

...WHAT THE HELL??

SUDDENLY I SEEM TO BE HAVIN' A BERTIFIC VISION!! OR A POPULAR MIS-CONCEPTION OR SUMTHIN'!!

HOLY NED!!



"ROSCOE MOSCOW!! THIS IS AUNT LENE, THE GOOD WITCH SPEAKING!! WELCOME, O CHAMPION OF JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY!!



JEEZ...



LONG HAVE WE WAITED FOR YOU TO COME AND DELIVER US FROM THE AWFUL DRAGON...

SEE, YONDER IS YOUR MAGIC SWORD, "SCORNBINGER"

TAKE IT, AND SEEK YE THE DAMSEL THAT IS ENCHAINED SOME HALF A LEAGUE HENCE...

UHH... I THINK THIS IS A CASE O' MISSHAPEN IDENTITY!!



UH-HUH! NO MISTAKE, BUDDY!! NOW ARE YOU GONNA HAUL MY ASS OUTTA THIS STONE, OR AINCHA??

AHH, WHUT THA HECK!! I AIN'T GOT NUTTIN' TO LOSE... UH, SAY... DID I HEAR THAT BROAD WID DA PIGTAILS MENTION A DRAGON??



NAH!! SHE'S A YUGOSLAV... IT'S KINDA DIFFICULT T'MAKE OUT WHAT SHE'S SAYIN'... SHE PROBABLY MEANT "DRAG QUEEN" OR SOMETHIN'. SAY!! LOOK AHEAD, TIED TO THAT TREE...

OH YEAH! THE FRAIL I GOT'S TA RESCUE! O.K. LADY, YER WORRIES ARE OVER!! I'VE COME TO.

ROSCOE!!

UH, JEEZUS... HI, MAXINE...



JUST MY CRUMMY LUCK! I GUESS THE BUDGET DIDN'T STRETCH TO GETTIN' A REAL MAN TO RESCUE ME! HELL, ROSCOE, WHATTAYA WEARIN'?? YA LOOK LIKE A NEWYAWK FAGGOT!!

UH, LISSEN, I CAN EXPLAIN... THESE AIN'T MY CLOTHES... I GOTTEM FROM THIS GIRL, SEE, AN'...



HA! MY HUSBAND, THE TRANS-VESTITE!! I MIGHTA KNOWN!!! AN' I GUESS YER HOPIN' THAT YA GONNA MAKE THE DRAGON BUST A GUT LAUGHIN' ATCHA, RIGHT??

DRAGON? NOW LISSEN HERE, MAXINE. YOU AIN'T GOT NO CAUSE TA INSULT MY INTELLIGENCE...

SAY, (SNIFF) DID SOMEBODY LEAVE A CIGAR BURNING, OR WHAT?

UH, WATCHA LOOKIN AT ME LIKE THAT FER? I TOLDJA BOUT THE OUTFIT...



UH, BOSS... I HATE TA INTERRUPT...

BUT I REALLY THINK YA SHOULD TAKE A LOOK BEHIND YA!!... AFTER ALL...

...YA MAY NEVER SEE ANOTHER ONE...

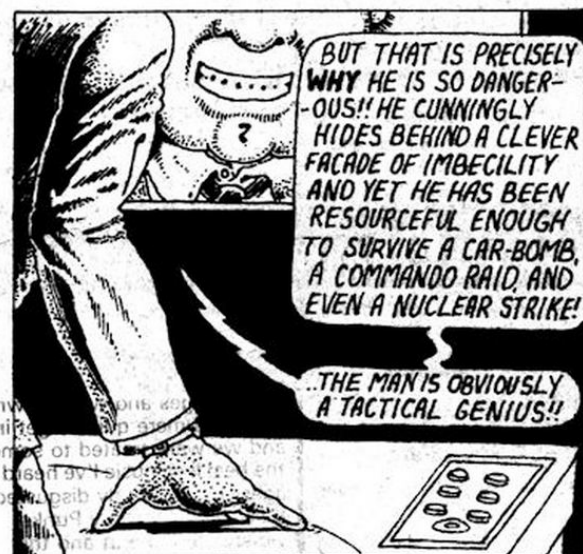


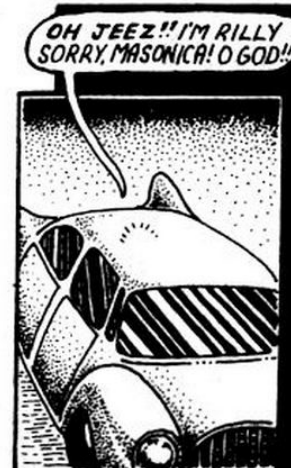
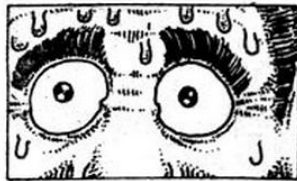
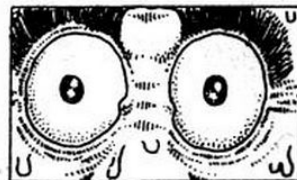
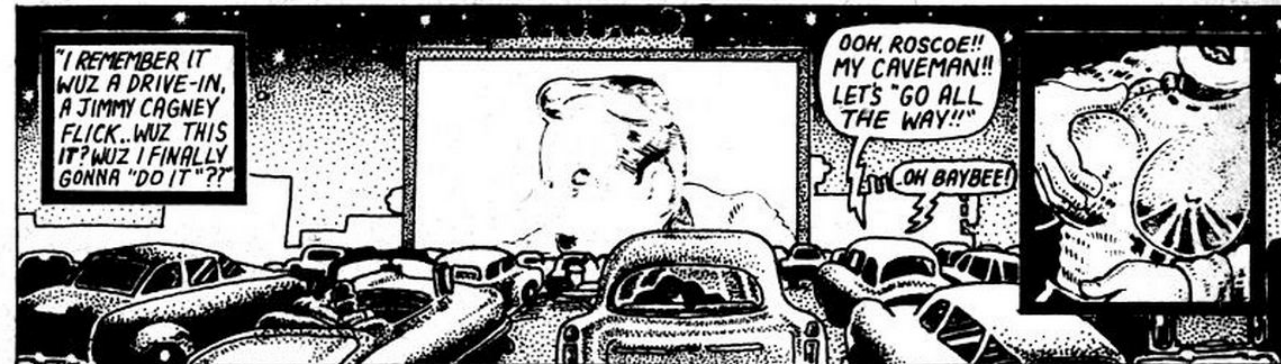
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"LIFE... IT'S GOT MORE UPS AND DOWNS THAN A PICADILLY PILL-FREAK!! ONE MINNIT I'M UP TO MY ASS IN BLOOD AN' BULLETS, THE NEXT I'M RELAXIN' ABOARD A LUXURY TRAIN, GUEST OF A BUNCH O' MYSTERY BENEFACTORS...."

ROSCOE MOSCOW





"I NEVER SAW HER AGAIN, BUT THE OTHER GUYS CALLED ME "FLY-SPRAY" FER THE REST OF MY SCHOOL CAREER."

"AN, LIKE, AFTER THAT, I GUESS THINGS REALLY TOOK A TURN FER THE WORSE."

..TO BE CONTINUED.



"TOTAL RECALL?
LISTEN, BUDDY-
FERGET IT!!!"

ROLL CREDITS:
ROSCOE MOSCOW
GENTLEMAN SLEUTH,
in "WHO KILLED
ROCK & ROLL?"
EPISODE TWENTYSIX:
"HAM FISTED TALES!"
©1979 by CURT VILE

...I GOT CALLED UP JUST AFTER
PEARL HARBOUR. I WUZ JUST 19,
AN' EAGER TO FIGHT FER UNCLE SAM.



"I'D KINDA FIGGERED THAT THE
GUYS WUZN'T OVER-IMPRESSED WITH
ME, BUT IT WUZNT UNTIL SOME TIME
LATER, WHEN WE WUZ IN **TARAWA...**"

OKAY, MOSCOW, YA
FLEA BITTEN, BELLYACHIN'
TURD-GOBLIN, NON-
JEWBOY CHEESEHEAD!!
THIS HERE IS A
STRATEGICALLY IMPORT-
ANT TREE!! I WANT YA TO
GAURD IT WITH YA LIFE!!



MAYBE I WOULDN'T HAVE
BEEN SO EAGER IF I'D KNOWN
THAT I WUZ GONNA BE
ASSIGNED TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE

SGT. GUTZ

AND HIS

MAYHEM MANIACS!



I REMEMBER NOW, ON MY FIRST DAY,
SARGE INTRODUCED ME TO THE MEN...

AWRIGHT, YOU
BUNCHA GOLDBRICKIN'
TEA-SIPPIN' CRUMPET-
DUNKIN' CHICKEN-
FUCKIN' FAGGOTS!
THIS HERE'S P.F.C.
MOSCOW... MEET
THE BOYS, MOSCOW.

...AN' FINALLY, THERE'S GOOD
OL' MARJORIE, THE SQUADRON
TRANSVESTITE...

NOW, MEN, AS YOU KNOW,
P.F.C. MOSCOW HERE IS
THE SQUAD'S NEW
TOKEN YID...

...THEN THERE'S RHETT
WALLACE, OUR DEEP-SOUTH
REPRESENTATIVE...

BUT SARGE... I'M
NOT JEWISH!!

HEH HEH!!

GWACIOUS!

NOT JEWISH??

HOWR' WE GONNA
KEEP OUR REP AS
THE MOST SOCIALLY
INTEGRATED PSYCHOS
OF W.W.II IF THE
NEW YID AINT JEWISH??

FIRST, WE GOT "GOOBER"
WASHINGTON, A SMILEY NIGRA
WITH HAPPY FEET AN' A BIG...

NEXT, OUR PUERTO-
RICAN 'SWITCHBLADE
AN' PORNOGRAPHY'
EXPERT, JESUS
JIMINEZ...

ON HIS LEFT, AN'
A LITTLE NEARER,
THE FLOOR WE GOT
OUR "FIGHTIN' IRISH"
DEMOLITIONS MAN,
CPL. GEORGE BERNARD
SHAW. (NO RELATION.)

GIMME SUM
SKIN, BOSS-
MASSAH!!!

EH-HO-LA-
VERGA!!

HOWR' THINGS
IN GLOCHA-
MORRA??

TIME PASSED:

1945:

1946:

FOCK THIS FER A
GAME O' SOJERS!!

1947:

NATCHERLY, I SOON FOUND
OUT THAT THE WAR HAD BIN'
OVER FER YONKS AN' I WUZ
A CIVILLIAN AGIN! SOME
YEARS LATER, HOWEVER,
I WUZ WALKIN' ON NOB
HILL, IN FRISCO, WHEN I
CAME ACROSS A BEGGAR...

SPARE CHANGE
FER A DISABLED
WAR VET, MISTER?

"IT WUZ THE SARGE!!! THE
YEARS HADN'T BIN' KIND
TO HIM... THERE WUZ ONLY
ONE THING I COULD DO..."

...FOUR YEARS
I WUZ UP THAT TREE
YA BASTARD!!!

YAGH!

STEEP
MILL.

...TO BE CONTINUED...

HI THERE, HEPCATS AND KITTENS! CURT "MR. PERSONALITY" VILE HERE. MY SOURCES INFORM ME THAT SOME OF YOU POOR BRAIN-DAMAGED BASTARDS HAVE TROUBLE IN UNDERSTANDING THIS STRIP...



BUT THEN WHAT CAN ONE EXPECT FROM A READERSHIP WHOSE MINDS ARE TOO ADDLED BY QUAAALUDE ABUSE AND CONSTANT MAGGOT-GALLOPING TO FOLLOW ANYTHING MORE COMPLEX THAN "OLD LOB AND HIS FARMYARD PALS"?



...BUT FEAR NOT, MY SQUIRMIES... FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE MOST LIKELY HOLDING THIS PAGE UPSIDE DOWN ANYWAY, GOOD 'OL' UNCLE CURT PRESENTS "WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?" EPISODE 27: "WHO'S WHO IN ROSCOE MOSCOW?"



"FIRST AND FOREMOST, OUR HARD-BITTEN HERO, ROSCOE B. MOSCOW... THIS TOUGH PRIVATE EYE STALKS ROCK 'N' ROLL'S KILLER RELENTLESSLY, DESPITE THE SERIOUS HANDICAP OF BEING FAT, STUPID, MENTALLY ILL AND TROUBLED BY HAEMORRHOIDS.



SECONDLY, HIS GLAMOUROUS WIFE MAXINE. SHE CAN'T REMEMBER THE WEDDING, (IT WAS IN TIJUANA AND SHE WAS DRUNK.) BUT SHE SOON DISCOVERED THAT ROSCOE WAS AS GOOD IN BED AS HE WAS AT EVERYTHING ELSE. AN ASPIRING DIVORCEE.



"NEXT, MR. MOSCOW'S PSYCHIATRIST, DR. ZOLTAN VON ZYGOTE, A CURIOUSLY MALFORMED DWARF WHO IS CURRENTLY PLAYING "HIDE THE SALAMI" WITH MR. MOSCOW'S WIFE. A RUM LITTLE BLIGHTER."



THEN THERE'S THE ENIGMATIC "SINISTER GLOVES" AND HIS ARMADILLO AIDE-DE-CAMP, AMBROSE. NO ONE IS QUITE CERTAIN WHAT THIS GRUESOME TWOSOME ARE UP TO, BUT IT WOULD UPSET YOU IF YOU FOUND YOUR MOTHER DOING IT..."



"LET US NOT FORGET MYCROFT THE IMAGINARY CROW, OUR HERO'S PET D.T. HALLUCINATION. IN HIS SPARE TIME, THIS LIKEABLE NIGHTMARE GETS BIG YOKS BY DRIVING ACIDHEADS AND DEXEDRINE-CRAZED HOUSEWIVES TO SUICIDE..."



"AND FINALLY, THE STIFFS!! IN SIX SHORT MONTHS OF LIFE, THIS FEISTY LITTLE STRIP HAS MANAGED TO GREASE HUNDREDS OF MINOR CHARACTERS INCLUDING BIKERS, COPS, ALIENS, THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF BERLIN, AND, OF COURSE, ROCK 'N' ROLL HIMSELF."



WELL, NEXT ISSUE, WE'LL BE BACK TO (HEH HEH!) "NORMAL". AND HOPEFULLY, THIS LITTLE EXCURSION WILL HAVE SILENCED MY CRITICS...



"FIRST- THE GOOD NEWS: AFTER MONTHS OF SEARCHIN' I'D FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE KILLERS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL, A BUNCHA MAD HUNS WHO WENT BY THE MONICKER OF **RAFIWERK!!**"



"OF COURSE. THIS WAS MARRIED JUST A LITTLE BY ONE MINOR DETAIL."

"I'M AFRAID, HERR MOSCOW, THAT WE MUST DECREASE YOUR HAT SIZE A LITTLE BY BLOWING YOUR BRAINS OUT!!"



MY MIND RACED!! I HAD TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO STALL THEM.

"YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!!" I CROAKED.



PANEL 4- LONG SHOT

16

OH DON'T BE SUCH A GREAT STUPID TIT! OF COURSE WE'LL GET AWAY WITH IT!! YOU'RE MILES FROM ANYWHERE. NO ONE KNOWS YOUR WHEREABOUTS... WE GERMANS MAY HAVE LOST THE WORLD CUP BUT WERE NOT TOTALLY INCOMPETENT!



I HAD TO ADMIT HE GOT A POINT!!

NO, HERR MOSCOW!! YOU MAY HAVE BEEN STRONG ENOUGH TO FOOL OUR MIND-PROBE, BUT ALL YOUR MUCH-VAUNTED CUNNING CANNOT SAVE YOU NOW!



SPECIAL LIGHTING EFFECT

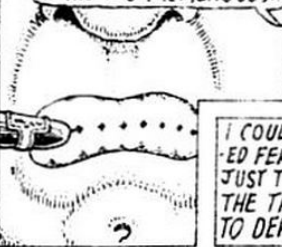
THAT'S A NICE LINE!

THANKS! YOU REALLY THINK SO??

YES- "MUCH VAUNTED CUNNING" REALLY SMART!

YOU DON'T THINK IT'S A LITTLE TOO PLAYFUL?

NO, NO. IT'S TREMENDOUS!!



I COULDA LISTENED FER HOURS, BUT JUST THEN I FELT THE TRAIN LURCH TO DEAD HALT...

ACH DU LEIBER UND STOLLER!! WE MUST HAVE REACHED A STATION!! I APOLOGISE, HERR MOSCOW, FOR THE DELAY. WE WILL SHOOT YOU DIRECTLY THE TRAIN IS ONCE MORE IN TRANSIT.

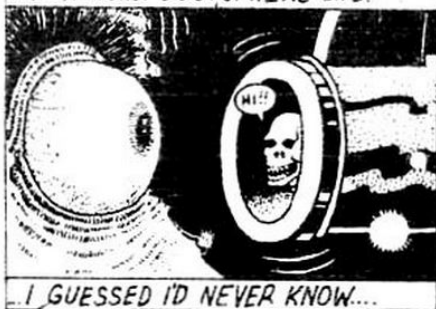


"AHH... ANYBODY FER A GAME O' FIFTY-TWO CARD PICK-UP??" I QUIPPED.



NO TAKERS!! IN DESPAIR I WATCHED HIS FINGER TIGHTEN ON THE TRIGGER.

IT'S FUNNY, THE WACKY THINGS THAT YA THINK OF WHEN YER LOOKIN' DEATH IN THE FACE!! I WUZ WONDERIN' WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MECHANO, THE KRAUT CUTIE WHO'D LEFT ME IN THE LURCH ALSO, I WONDERED WHO'D ORDERED THE 500 TRENCHCOATS FROM 'MAX SCHWARZ THEATRICAL COSTUMIERS LTD'.



I GUESSED I'D NEVER KNOW...

SUDDENLY, A DOOR SPRANG OPEN...

EXCUSING ME, BUT IS THIS THE LADIES' POWDER ROO... **HERR MOSCOW!!!** WHAT AN UNGLAUBLICH COINCIDENCE!!



MECHANO??... I GAWPED...

JA!! IT IS ME BEINK! UND JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHO I AM HAVING WITH ME, BY CRIKEY!!



ACH!! NEIN!! BY GOERING'S DEMEROL HABIT!! IT CANNOT BE!!!



BUT IT IS!!!

MEET THE "ROSCOE MOSCOW ONLY TRUE FAN CLUB." (REG. TRADEMARK.)



"HI THERE!!" ...WE SNARLED...

TO BE CONTINUED ©1979 CURT VILE



IN THE CONFUSION, I GRABBED ME AN EQUALIZER...



MY HEATER SPAT LEAD OBLIVION...



AGAIN....

SQUEEE

KKRRREEEEEGG

...AND AGAIN...

...AND AGAIN...

ZUT!

...AND AGAIN!

SKANG!

EACH...I. I AM...A ROBOT!!
...HOW S...S...STRANGE...



I WAS N...NOT...NOT AWARE...



NOT AWARE...NOT AWARE...NOT



WELL, THERE'S SOMETHIN' DAMN FISHY GOIN' ON HERE!!



I CONCLUDED...

ROSCOE MOSCOW

RELEVANT DATA

AT A STATE BANQUET, A PRESIDENTIAL AIDE SPILLED A GLASS OF WATER OVER THEN-PRESIDENT GERALD FORD. THE AIDE APOLOGISED PROFUSELY, BUT THE GENT FROM GRAND RAPIDS JUST SMILED AND SAID:



"WHO KILLED ROCK'N'ROLL?"

30: WASHING THE DETECTIVE!!

MECHANO AN' HER BUDDIES HAD SPLIT THE SCENE, LEAVIN' ME TO RETURN TO THE HAMBURG FLOPHOUSE I'D VACATED WEEKS AGO! I WUZ RUNNIN' A BATH... ROCK N' ROLL WUZ DEAD, THE BUNCHA HOMICIDAL WIND-UPS KNOWN AS RAFIAWERK WERE DEAD, BUT I'D BE DAMNED IF PERSONAL HYGINE WUZ DEAD!! NO SIR!!



I WAS THICK WITH THE GRIME OF INTRIGUE AN' MORTALITY... ALSO STALE 'HAI-KARATE'. THANKFULLY I SANK INTO THE TUB AN' LET THE CHEAP PINE BATH SALTS SOOTHE MY SINS...



..BUT IT WUZ NO GOOD. SOMETHIN' JUST DIDN'T ADD UP! I SHOULDA BIN FEELIN' LIKE A MILLION BUCKS..INSTEAD, I FELT LIKE I JUST GOT CONTROLLIN' SHARES IN THE EDESL!! WHAT GAVE? I'D CAUGHT UP WITH ROCKY'S KILLERS AN' BLOWN THE JUNK THEY HAD INSTEAD O' BRAINS ALL OVER THEIR LAPELS!! JUSTICE HAD BIN DONE, HADN'T IT??



"THE WHOLE PROBLEM WAS, THIS BUSINESS HAD MORE LOOSE ENDS THAN A BAD DETECTIVE STORY. WHO WERE THE SIVANA BROTHERS, AND WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO 'EM SINCE I ICED THEIR BOSSES, FR'EXAMPLE??!"



SECONDLY, SOME BARGAIN-BASEMENT EINSTEIN HAD BUILT AND PROGRAMMED THE ERECTOR-SET PSYCHOS WHO HAD OFFED ROCKY!! BUT WHO...AN' WHY??



..THEN, O'COURSE, THERE WUZ THE MINOR MYSTERY O' THE GEEK WITH THE MICKEY MOUSE GLOVES WHO TURNED UP IN THE LAST PANEL OF EVERY THIRD EPISODE AND WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE I WUZ TOTALLY UNAWARE OF...



..OBVIOUSLY, THERE WUZ PLENTY O' FOLDIN' GREEN TIED UP IN THIS SOMEWHERE! YA DON'T GET THE CASH TO RAISE ENOUGH FIREPOWER TO TOTAL **BERLIN** BY JUST WORKIN' NIGHTS IN THA LAUNDERETTE....



..BUT WHERE'S A GUY SUPPOSED TO START LOOKIN'? IT STRUCK ME I KNEW LESS NOW THAN WHEN I **STARTED** THIS CAPER!!

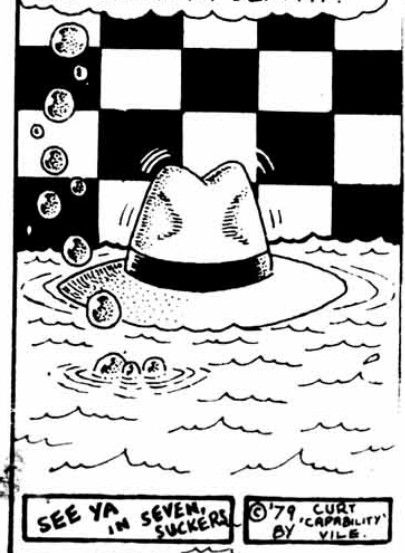
..HMM... MAYBE I SHOULDA ASKED RAFIAWERK WHO SIGNED THEIR PAYCHECKS **BEFORE** I SHOT THA BASTIDS...



..I DECIDED TO HEAD BACK TO THE STATES ON THE FIRST FLIGHT NEXT DAY-I KNEW SOME GUYS WHO COULD MAYBE HELP ME OUTTA MY PREDICAMENT!! BUT STILL.... I COULDN'T SHAKE THIS FEELIN' IN MY GUT....



..COULD IT BE THAT I WUZ GETTIN' INVOLVED IN A SITCHEWATION WHERE I WUZ WAY OUTTA MY DEPTH??



ROSCOE MOSCOW

• RELEVANT DATA •

"THINGS ARE MORE LIKE THEY ARE NOW THAN THEY EVER WERE BEFORE."
- DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

(COMETRY BY 'WHOLE GRAINS' BY SPAGELMAN & SCHNEIDER)



"WHO KILLED ROCK & ROLL?"

31: "OUR SENIOR SUPERMEN..."

DATELINE: NEW YORK!! THEY SAY THERE'S A BROKEN LIGHT FOR EVERY HEART ON BROADWAY, BUT IT WUZ GOOD TA BE BACK!! I'D FLOWN IN FROM GERMANY, LOOKIN' FOR HELP IN TRACKIN' DOWN ROCKY'S KILLER, AN' I HAD A SHREWD IDEA WHERE I COULD FIND IT...



...THE NAME OF THE BAR WUZ "CAPTAIN BILLY'S". I WENT IN...

...DIDJA EVER WONDER WHERE CAPTAIN AMERICA GOES WHEN HE WANTS TO UNWIND FROM BEATIN' UP COMMIES AND CIVIL RIGHTS DEMONSTRATORS?? WELL, LEMME CLUE YA IN, BUB...



...HE GOES TO CAPTAIN BILLY'S!! AN' THE GUY I WUZ LOOKIN' FOR WUZ 'HOLDIN' UP THE BAR THERE LIKE HE WUZ WELDED TO IT...



HIS NAME WUZ ROCKET REDGLARE, THE GREATEST PATRIOTIC SUPER-DUPER EVER TO THROW IN HIS HAND WITH UNCLE SAMMY!! I'D BIN A FAN O' HIS SINCE I WUZ A LITTLE KID....



GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!! WILLYA LOOK WHO IT IS!! HEY, FELLAS! IT'S ROSCOE MOSCOW!! HA HA HA! "REACH, I GROWLED!", RIGHT, ROS? HA HA!!

BOY HOWDY!! ALLA THESE GOOD OL' BOYS IS BIG FANS O' YOUSE, RIGHT, GUYS? NEVER MISS AN EPISODE!! HA HA! "HOLD IT, I SNARLED." HA HA HA!! GREAT! I LOVE IT!! BUT WHAT ARE YA DOIN' HERE, BUDDY?? I MEAN, WHAT'S SHAKIN'?



"AN SO I TOLD HIM HOW I FIGGERED HE COULD HELP ME FIND THE KILLER OF ROCK 'N' ROLL, BUT HE JUST SHOOK HIS HEAD AN' SIGNED..."

ROSCOE, YER ABOUT TWENNY YEARS TOO LATE! WE AIN'T BARELY IN SHAPE TO CASH OUR WELFARE CHECKS ANYMORE!! DAMMIT, ROSCOE, WE'RE OLD MEN!!



BUT NOTHIN' BUDDY!! WE'RE ALL WASHED UP!! JUST LOOK AT THE SHAPE O' THESE SAD-ASSED SONS OF BITCHES.. THE HUMAN SAFETYMATCH, JUST A BURNED-OUT HAS-BIN... PLASTIGENE MAN TURNED HIMSELF INTO A STANDARD LAMP THREE YEARS AGO AN' CAN'T CHANGE BACK! THEN THERE'S WOMBAT MAN, THE POOR MOTH-EATEN BASTARD.. THE SILVER SUFFERER, THE GREEN LATRINE, THE FLYIN' FUCK... WERE A JOKE, ROSCOE! A BAD JOKE!!



NAH, PAL, WE AIN'T FIT TA DO NOTHIN' BUT WISH YA LUCK... AN' BELIEVE ME, YER GONNA NEED IT...

"UHH, WHADDAYA MEAN?" I QUERIED.



PANEL 8:

OH, I WUZ FORGETTIN'... YOU BIN OUT OF THE COUNTRY!! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BIN GOIN' DOWN SINCE ROCKY BOUGHT IT... HERE, LET DOCTOR MARGINALLY ABNORMAL RUSTLE UP A VISION TO PUT YA IN THE PICTURE! KINYA DO IT, DOC??



THERE, ROSCOE... YA SEE?? YA SEE WHUT'S HAPPENED TO THE WORLD SINCE THE DEATH OF ROCK AND ROLL??



OR MARGINALLY ABNORMAL APPEARS COURTESY OF THE FOREMAN STUDIOS.

BE CONTINUED... © 1979 BY CURT "ATLANTA CULT HERO FOR THE '80S" VILE.

ROSCOE MOSCOW:
WHO KILLED ROCK N
ROLL? PART 32: THE
END OF CIVILIZATION
AS WE KNOW IT!!!

'ROCK-ROLL WUZ DEAD,
AN' FROM WHERE I WUZ
STANDIN' IT LOOKED AS
IF WESTERN CIVILIZATION
WUZ COUGHIN' BLOOD!!

TRILOBITES TEEM
FROM OPEN SEWERS.
EVERYWHERE IS THE
THICK PERFUME OF
ROTTING APPLES...

"HAD THE JEHOVAH'S
WITNESSES BIN RIGHT?
WUZ THIS THE END?
OR WHAT?? IT SURE
AS HELL BEAT ME...."

SUNSTROKE IN THE
DARK! FIREWORKS! A
DISTANT SOUND OF
MILLIONS WHISPERING
..ROCK-ROLL WAS DEAD...



Rock N Roll Zoo



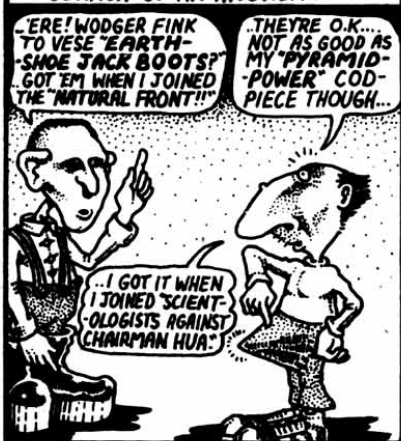
THAT MADCAP MERCHANT OF MERRIMENT
MR. ROSCOE MOSCOW
IN:
"WHO KILLED ROCK AND ROLL?"
BEING A COMICAL NARRATIVE
BY CURTIS VILE
FIT THE THIRTY-THIRD:
"ROSCOE MAKES YET ANOTHER FAUX-PAS:
THE FAT SLOBBERING SHIT-HEAD."



"I WUZ HANGIN' OUT WITH A
BUNCHA SUPERANNATED SUPERMEN.
AN' NOW FEARLESS FLAG-WAVER
ROCKET REDGLARE ALONG WITH
ASTHMATIC ASTROLOGER DOCTOR
MARGINALLY ABNORMAL WERE
GIVIN' ME THE LOW-DOWN ON
THA HUMIN CONDITION!!!
"COMFORTABLE" IT WUZN'T....



"Y'SEE ROSCOE" ROCKET EXPLAINED,
"EVER SINCE THE DEATH OF ROCK
N' ROLL, PEOPLE AINT HAD NO
RELEASE FROM THEIR PENT-UP FEARS
AN' INSECURITIES! SOME OF 'EM HAVE
JOINED WEIRD POLITICAL FACTIONS
IN SEARCH OF AN ANSWER..."



"OTHERS CONCOCT INSANE
CONSPIRACY THEORIES TO
EXPLAIN THEIR PROBLEMS...
LIVING LIVES OF RELENTLESS
TERROR AND STARK PARANOIA..."



"AND OF COURSE, THEY'RE ABSO-
LUTELY RIGHT!! WITH ALL OF
THESE CRAZIES ROAMING THE
STREETS, HOW LONG BEFORE
ONE DECIDES TO VISIT YOU??"



"AND THEN THERE'S THE SEX-
PERVERTS!! JUST IMAGINE, YOU,
OR ONE OF YOUR LOVED ONES,
TRAPPED IN A STALLED ELEVATOR,
WITH ONE OF THOSE SICKIES..."



THIS WEEK'S TAP OF THE TRILBY GOES TO THE DE-GO-TEES OF BIRMINGHAM, THE MOST SENSITIVE, AWARE AND ORIGINAL YOUNG MUSICIANS I'VE EVER HEARD. REALLY. (P.S: THANKS FOR THE CADILLAC AND THE BLOW-JOB, LADS!! - CURT.)



"AND IN THE FACE OF SO MUCH PANIC
AND CHAOS, HOW LONG BEFORE
THE LAST FEW SANE ONES CRACK??
HOW LONG BEFORE CIVILIZATION
ITSELF GOES TOTALLY RAVING SHRIEKING
FOAMING-AT-THE-MOUTH DOO-LALLY??"

"THE VISION FLICKERED AN' FADED.
I WUZ LEFT WITH A MOUTH THAT
TASTED LIKE SUMTHIN' CRAWLED
INTO IT AN' DIED, AN' I HAD ICE-
BERGS DOIN' A WATUSI UP AND
DOWN MY BACKBONE... MERCIFULLY,
ROCKET BROKE THA AWFUL SILENCE."

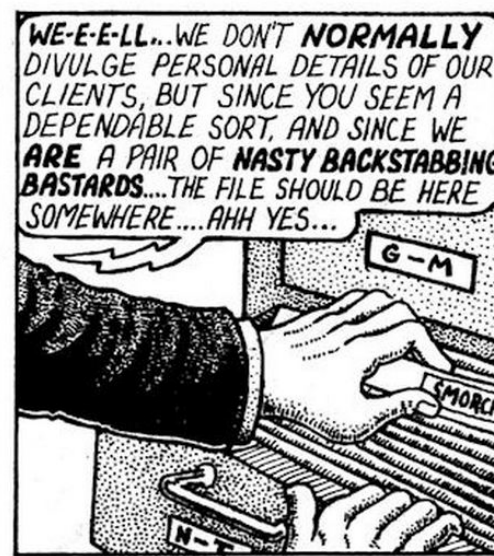
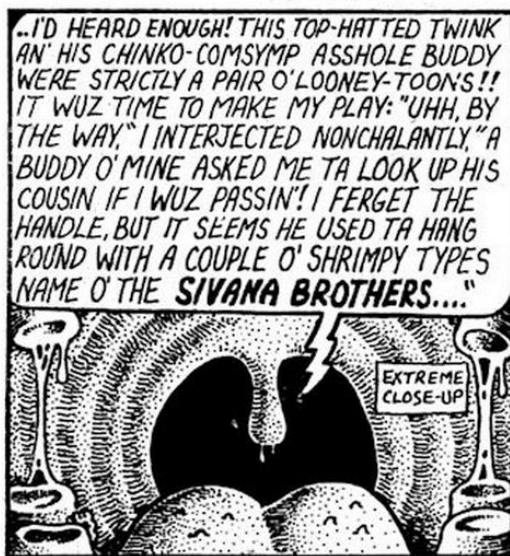
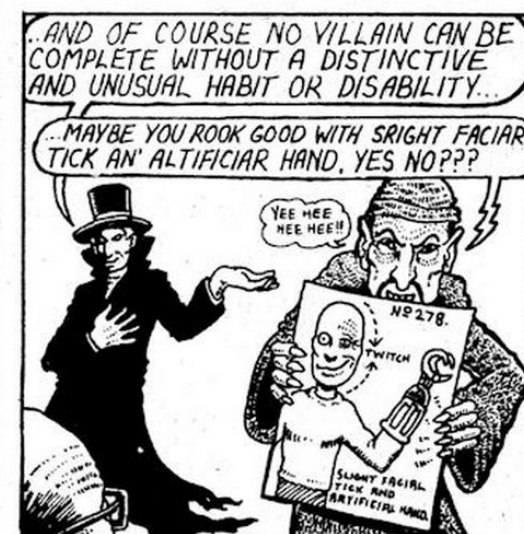
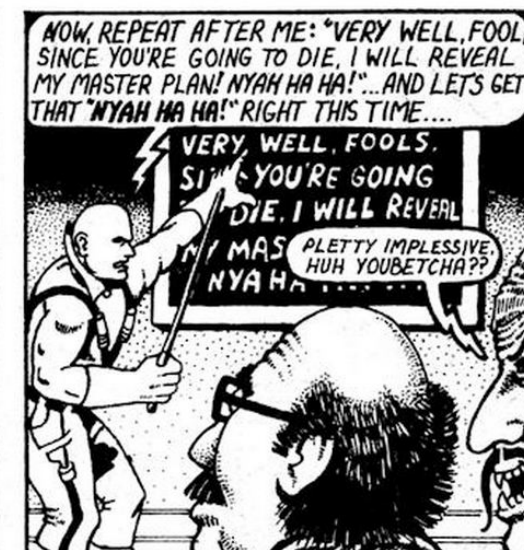
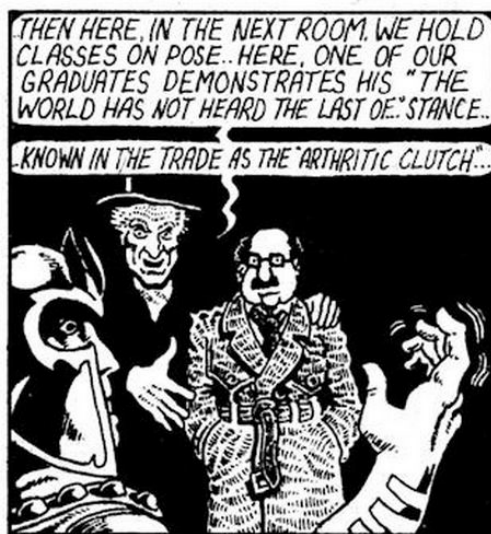
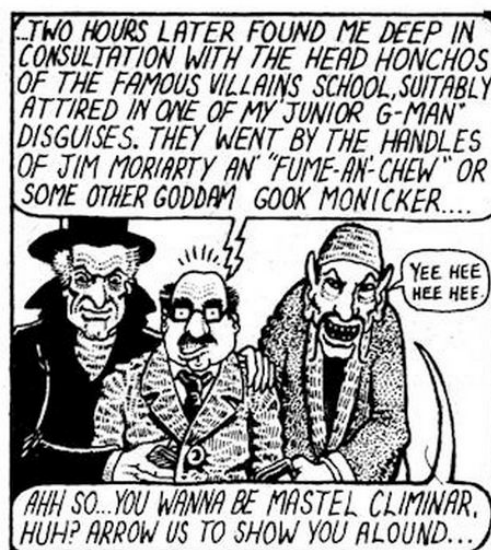


BUT ME NO BUTS, ROSCOE!!
ME AN' THE GUYS, OUR WORLD-
SAVIN' DAYS ARE FINITO!!
NOW, THE HOPES AN' ASPIRATIONS
OF HUMANITY REST WITH YOU!!
DONCHA SEE, ROSCOE? YOU'RE
THE LAST HERO!!!



"MY EYES WUZ FILLED WITH
TEARS OF PRIDE..." THANKS A
BUNCH, YOU GUYS, I CHOKED.
TURNING, I STRODE MANFULLY
OUTTA THE DOOR TO FACE MY
DESTINY!! "YOU CAN DEPEND ON
ME, FELLAHS!!" I BARKED...





I WUZ HANGIN' OUT AT THE FAMOUS VILLAIN'S SCHOOL... AN' PRINCIPAL JIM MORIARTY WUZ GIVIN' ME THE LOWDOWN ON A PRIME SUSPECT...

ROSCOE MOSCOW WHO KILLED ROCK N ROLL? 35 YOU NEED GLOVES!



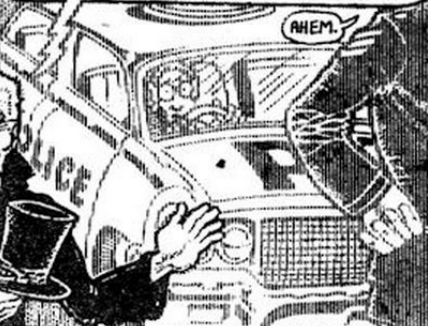
"A. BRILBURN SMORCH WAS HIS NAME... THE MOST INEPT SUPER VILLAIN IN THE HISTORY OF HUMANITY..."

"AH, GO TAKE A WALK 'SHIT-FEL BLAINS!"

SMORCH BEGAN HIS FATED LIFE OF CRIME AT 15 WITH AN AUTO HOTWIRE JOB...



A VENTURE SADLY MARRIED BY A MOST UNFORTUNATE CHOICE OF VEHICLE...



...THEN SMORCH TURNED HIS "TALENTS" TO HI-JACKING... THE RESULTS WERE PREDICTABLE...

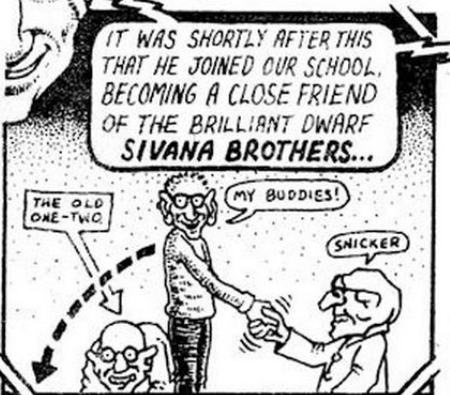


TAKE THIS PLANE TO MONTREAL!!!

WE'RE ALREADY GOING TO MONTREAL.

OH...

IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER THIS THAT HE JOINED OUR SCHOOL, BECOMING A CLOSE FRIEND OF THE BRILLIANT DWARF SIVANA BROTHERS...



THE OLD ONE-TWO

MY BUDDIES!

SNICKER

SADLY, NONE OF THEIR INNATE GENIUS RUBBED OFF ON HIM... WE TRIED EVERY TRICK WE KNEW IN A DOOMED ATTEMPT TO INSTILL HIM WITH THE NECESSARY CHARISMA.



NO, VERNON! NOT ON THE AXMINSTER!!

...EVEN TO THE EXTENT OF FITTING HIM OUT IN SINISTER LEATHER GLOVES AND A PET ARMADILLO... BUT TO NO AVAIL... THE MAN WAS A 24 CARAT TURKEY...

..IT WUZ THE INFO I'D BIN WAITIN' FOR... I MADE MY EXCUSES AN' LEFT!! SLITTERVEST, HUH? SMORCH... HMM... IT SEEMED I HAD IT ALL SEWN UP BUT SOMEHOW I FELT THAT IT WUZ ONLY JUST BEGINNING...

..THE PROSPECT WUZ LIKE ITALIAN FOOD...

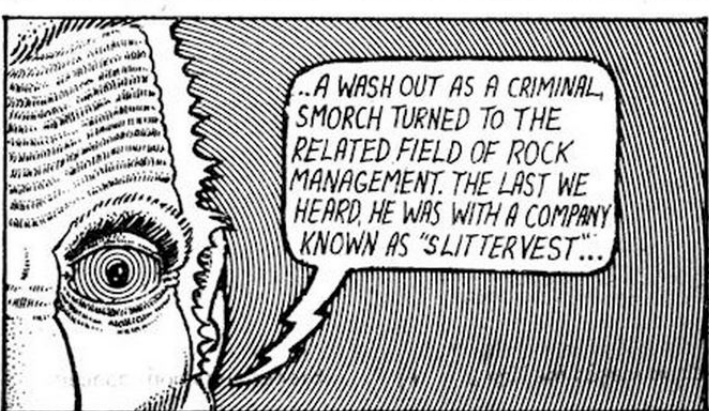
..IT MADE ME SICK...

THE WORLD HAS NOT HEARD THE LAST OF A. BRILBURN SMORCH... YEEURGH!!



AND SO, REGRETTABLY, WE HAD TO ERR... "LET HIM GO..."

..A WASH OUT AS A CRIMINAL, SMORCH TURNED TO THE RELATED FIELD OF ROCK MANAGEMENT. THE LAST WE HEARD, HE WAS WITH A COMPANY KNOWN AS "SLITTERVEST"...



..TO BE CONTINUED...

© 1979 CURT VILE

ROSCOE MOSCOW

IT DIDN'T FIGGER...
I HAD A HARD DAY IN
FRONT O' ME. CHECKIN'
OUT "GLITTERVEST"
LTD. IT WUZ 3:00 AM.
I SHOULDA BIN SLEEPIN'
LIKE A FRIGGIN BABY.

BUT NO DICE...EVERYTIME I DOZED
OFF I GOT DREAMS THAT WOULD'A
GIVEN DE QUINCY THE SHITS...

"DREAMS FULLA PROBLEMS."

PROBLEMS LIKE...

WHO KILLED ROCK'N'ROLL?

NIGHT NEVER





ROSCOE MOSCOW EPISODE 38: 'BETTER THAN ONE'.

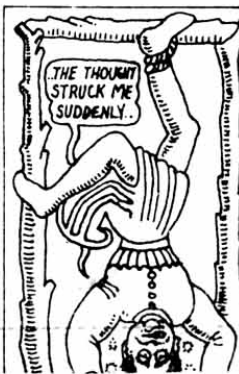
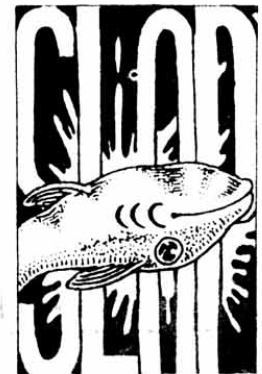
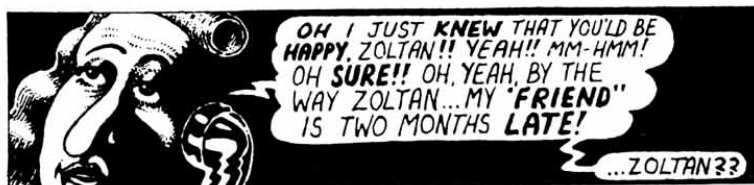
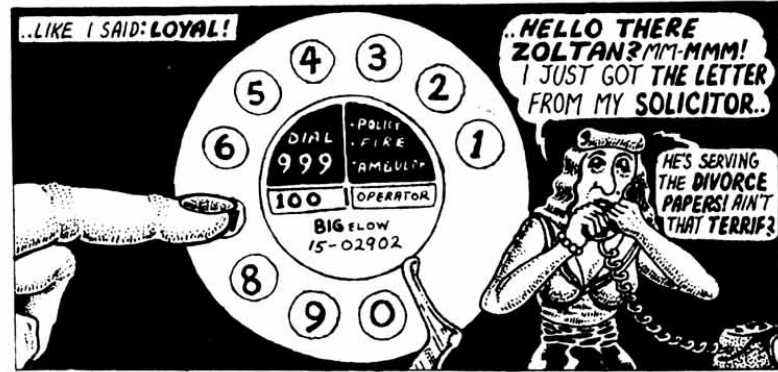


"I HAD FOUND SOMETHIN' **VERY FISHY** AT THE OFFICES O' **"SLITTERVEST INC."** IN A LOCKER MARKED **"ULTIMATE PRODUCT"**..



"I REGONISED THE GUY ON THE LEFT AS **POP SVENGALI MALCOLM MAGNESIA**, AN' HIS BUDDY AS **SHARP HIPPI WHIZ-KID RICHARD BRANE-STAWM**...."





TO BE CONTINUED © '80 C.V.T. VILE..

"MRS. MOSCOW'S DIARY!"

THIS
WEEK:

ROScoe MOSCOW,™ EPISODE 40 OF "WHO KILLED ROCK'N'ROLL?"



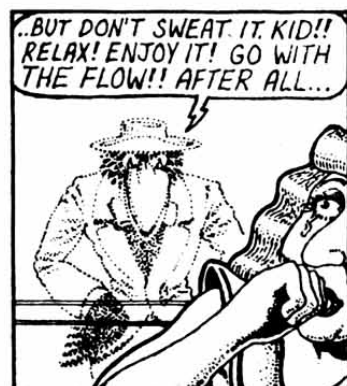
* TRANSLATION: "IT WUZ THE OLD SWITCHEROO; FISH BATTERS MAN!! I WUZ BEIN' BLUDGEONED WITH A GUDGEON, AN' PRETTY SOON THERE WUZ GONNA BE NOTHIN' LEFT BUT AN OLD FEDORA, A BROKEN STOGIE..."



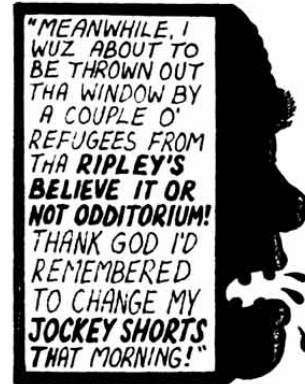
TO BE CONTINUED... ©'80 by CURT VILE



* TRANSLATION:
"I CAN'T.. YOU'VE KNOCKED ALL MY TEETH OUT!"



* TRANSLATION:
"I HAVE TO GO ON POTTY."



* TRANSLATION:
"PLEASE, BUDDY COULDN'T YA JUST THROW ME OUTTA THA WINDOW?"



WHO KILLED ROCK & ROLL?

CHAPTER 42

THE HUMAN butter-mountain known as "The Heap" gripped my tortured torso like an anaconda with an emotional problem. He wuz nowhere near as big as the planet Jupiter, but I wuz too weak to resist.

Meanwhile, his boss — a two-headed turkey with stereo halitosis — began to spiel out a life story that Linda Lovelace woulda bin pressed to swallow. Me, I just wondered where he got his shirts from.

"It all began," he whined, "with the Swarfega Brother's travelling circus."



"IT WAS during my tenure as a side show attraction there that I first met 'The Heap', a pathetic and unlovable creature who compensated for his mother's lack of affection by eating sacks full of Polyfilla.

"It was a grim life, gawped at and tormented by the jeering rubes. All that kept me sane was my love for the Gluck Sisters, an unusual pair of Siamese twins joined at the waist. Lousy conversationalists, but legs that Betty Grable woulda given her arms for!"

"BUT EVEN this tiny sliver of happiness was snatched cruelly from my grasp! The Gluck Sisters left the circus for a job modelling pantyhose and I was heartbroken. I had to bang my heads together to get to sleep at night.

"Despair beckoned! I was a middle-aged man with two heads and no 'O' Levels. Then, into my life walked the creature called Johnny Ratso!! He was no ordinary Coypu-faced curiosity. . . he was AN ORIGINAL!!!"



"FREAKS"



"JOHNNY and his best friend, Sid Viscous ('The Human Running Sore') became an overnight sensation! Of the audiences who witnessed their stomach-churning slapstick not a man nor bowel remained unmoved.

"Another new act was Major Retardo. ('World's Most Stupid Sentient Being.') Each night this plucky pinhead perplexed the crowds by forgetting his name, how to stand up, and where his ears were.

"As a finale he would challenge a tin of Kennomeat to a game of chess and lose. . ."

"AN IDEA began to congeal deep within my brains. . . an idea that would enable us to wash our hands of the Swarfega Brothers and their ilk. . ."

"I would take this quartet of evolutionary toilet jokes and transform them into THE GREATEST ROCK BAND IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD!!"

"Oh, there were problems at first. . . The Heap kept eating his guitars, Retardo would sometimes forget to keep breathing and have to be rushed to hospital. . . but in the end, by God, we were READY!! The STICK PIMPLES burst upon an unsuspecting world!!!"



ROCK MORROW



..IT WUZ HALF MAN, HALF DOUBLE-SCOOP ICE-CREAM CONE, AN' IT WUZ BENDIN' MY EAR WITH THE BARF-BAG BIO OF **THE SICK PIMPLES**, A CREEPY CREW O' CREASED-CHROMOSOME CRAZIES!!!

..AN' THAT WUZ JUST FER AN **APPETIZER!** THE MAIN COURSE WUZ WHERE I GOT MY FRACTURED FRAME FLUNG OUTTA THE FOURTH FLOOR WINDOW! DESSERT WUZ SERVED COLD... AS IN **MORGUE!!**

"WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?"
..WHICH REMINDS ME...HOW'S YA MOM, ED??
43:RATRACE!

THE RISE OF **THE SICK PIMPLES** IS LEGENDARY...THE CONTROVERSY THE HITS!! LIKE A 9" TURD IN THE "S"-BEND OF THE COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS THEY WOULD NOT GO AWAY!!!

..WERE SO PRETTY U-UG-LEE!



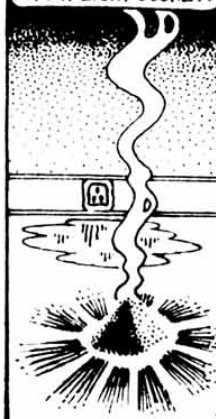
UNTIL, THAT IS, **A. BRILBURN SMORCH** (WORLD'S MOST INEPT SUPER-VILLAIN) TOOK OVER AS THE BAND'S **CAREER DIRECTION CONSULTANT...**



THINGS STARTED TO GO WRONG... **JOHNNY RATSO QUIT** TO FORM **P.I.L.** (OR **'PROTIEN INCITES LUST'**) WHO ACHIEVED CRITICAL ACCLAIM WITH THEIR QUAINLY PACKAGED **"BARBED WIRE VASE"** ALBUM...



..ANOTHER SETBACK FOR THE PIMPLES WAS THE POINTLESS DEATH OF DRUMMER **RETARDO** CAUSED BY THE SUBNORMAL SKINSMAN PISSING INTO A LIGHT SOCKET!



DESPERATE, SMORCH ATTEMPTED TO BOLSTER THE PIMPLES FLAGGING NOTORIETY BY ARRANGING GUEST SPOTS FEATURING FAMOUS CRIMINALS SUCH AS **HIPPY HACK ARTISTE "CHEERFUL" CHARLIE MANSON...**



BIGGER DISASTERS WERE TO FOLLOW. **SID VISCOUS** HAD ALWAYS HAD A PROBLEM WITH **JUNK FOOD**. ONE NIGHT, AT A PARTY, SOMEONE GAVE HIM A **HOSTESS TWINKIE...**



..THEY COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN THAT HE'D ALLREADY HAD TWO BIG MACS AND A **CHOCOLATE YOO-HOO!!**

..LUCKILY, WE WERE ABLE TO SALVAGE SOMETHING FROM THE MESS THAT **SMORCH** HAD MADE. WE RELEASED THE **ULTIMATE SID VISCOUS SOUVENIR** TO A GRATEFUL PUBLIC...



..NATURALLY, WE FIRED SMORCH WHO BY NOW HAD GROWN RESIGNED TO PERPETUAL FAILIURE. I REMEMBER HIS LAST WORDS TO ME...



..AND THEN, A COUPLE OF MONTHS LATER, WE HEARD HE'D DEVELOPED **CANCER...**

O.K. **HEAP** I'VE FINISHED. YOU CAN THROW HIM OUTTA THE WINDOW.



WHADDHE SAY??

I THINK HE SAID "YOU CAN BREAK MY BODY, BUT YOU CAN NEVER BREAK MY SPIRIT!!"

OH. NICE FOR HIM.



CONTINUED ?? © '80 CURT VILE.

ROSCOE IN MOSCOW

"WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N' ROLL?"

IT WUZ A TOTAL
PANCAKE... EVERY-
BODY FROM KING
KONG DOWN WUZ
SCARED O' HEIGHTS!!
REE-FUGGIN-DICULOUS!
AFTER ALL...

EPISODE 44:

..IT'S **GROUND** THAT
KILLS YA, BUDDY!!

"WITHOUT A
PADDLE!"



MEANWHILE, BELOW...

HEY.. THEY GOT A
"STRANGE BUT TRUE"
COMPETITION INNA PAPER:
"SEND IN YOUR OWN
STRANGE BUT TRUE
ANECDOTES... \$25 FOR EACH
ONE PUBLISHED!"

..I ONCE HAD
AN AUNT WHO
COULD TALK
TO GOLDFISH..



MEANWHILE, BELOW...

..YKNOW, I BIN A SEWER-
GATOR FOR NIGH ON TEN
YEARS, AN' WE NEVER HAD
IT SO GOOD... EVERY TIME
THERE'S A BIG DOPE BUST
WE GET POUNDS O' FIRST-
RATE HASH FLUSHED
DOWN THE JOHN...

..AN' LOTSA HOT
POLAROID SNAPS,
EH, MIZTAH 'GATOR?

EPANTE



YUP... WHAT COULD BE
MORE CIVILIZED
THAN A FEW STIFF
'J's AN' THEN "OFF
THA' WRIST"...

HUH??

GOLLY!!



GHAAA!! SHIT!!

I'M COVERED IN SHIT!!

SHIT! GHAA!

GWOOK!

BLEURGH!



≡ SIGH! ≡

..THERE GOES
THE NEIGHBOURHOOD!

GIBBER!!

SHRIEK!!

SHIT!!

TSK!

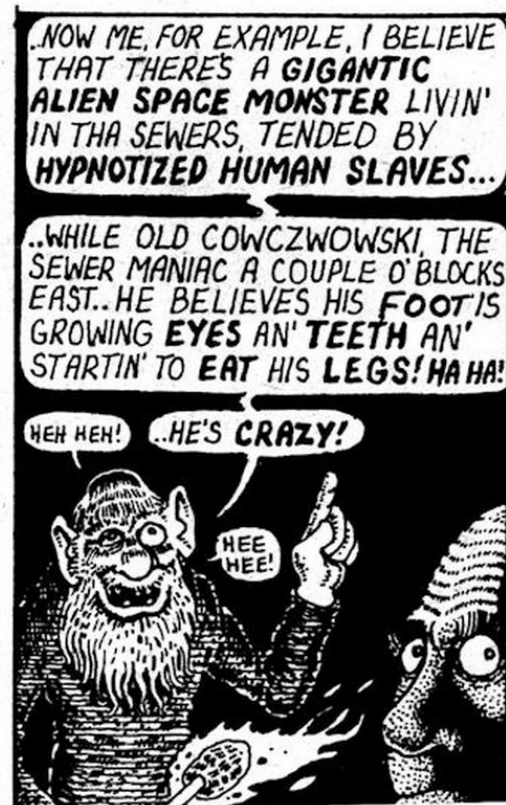
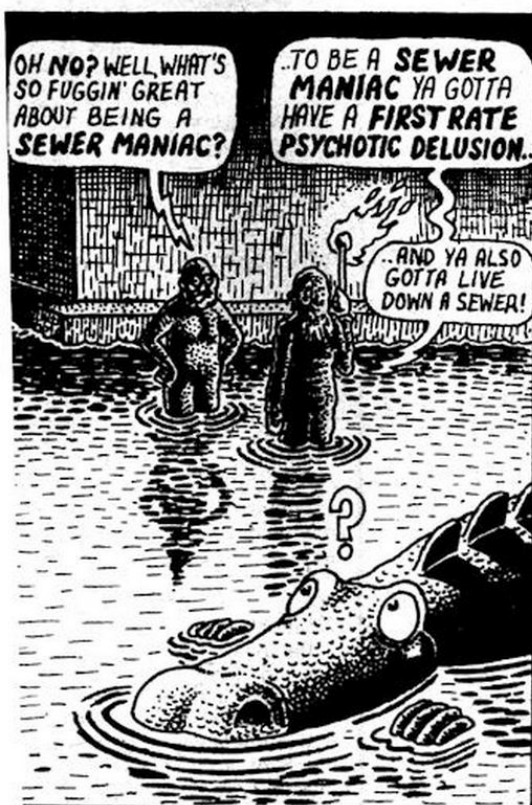
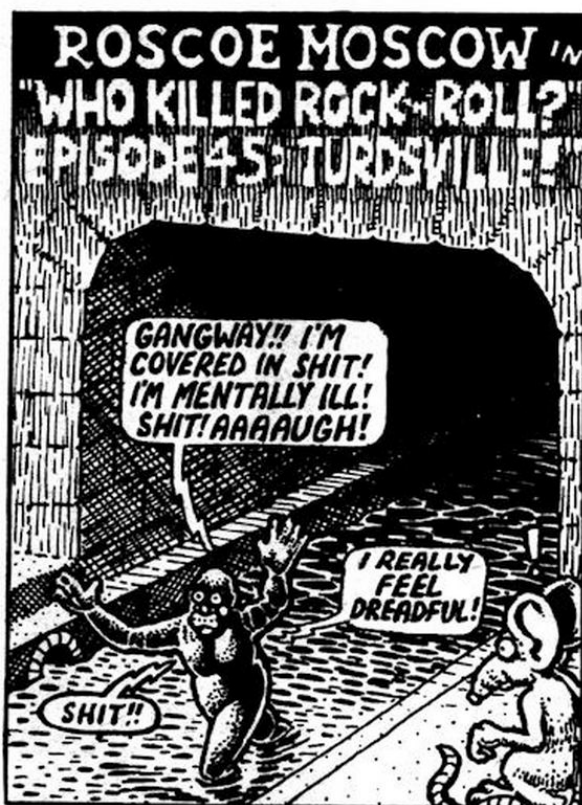
OOOOUGH!!

SHIT!!



MORE
SCATOLOGICAL
SNIGGERS
NEXT WEEK!

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...SO, LIKE, HOW D'YA GET TA BE A BONA FIDO 'SEWER MANIAC? KIN YA TAKE A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE?

...OR IS IT JUST A MATTER OF KNOWIN' THE RIGHT PEOPLE?

...OR WHAT?

"NORMALLY, THEY WOULD'VE TORN ME TO SHREDS, BUT I GOT LUCKY. IT SO HAPPENED THAT ONE OF THE SHE-RATS HAD JUST LOST HER YOUNGSTER TO A 'GATOR, SO SHE ADOPTED ME...TOOK CARE OF ME LIKE I WUZ HER OWN BABY!!"

SON, YOU'RE TEN YEARS OLD NOW...ISN'T IT TIME YOU THOUGHT ABOUT GROWING A TAIL?

GEE, MOM!

..I SOON LEARNED ALL THE SKILLS
AND FIGHTING PROWESS OF A REAL RAT!
I COULD GNAW MY WAY THROUGH THREE
THICKNESSES O' HARDBOARD AN RUN UP YA
TROUSERLEG IF I WUZ CORNERED...."

HAAH!! JUST LIKE ALL THE REST! YOU THINK BEIN' A SEWER MANIAC IS ONE LONG PARTY!! SO OKAY...IT'S A JOB WITH GLAMOUR, LOTSA PRESTIGE, GOOD HOURS, AN' ALL THE RATS YOU CAN EAT, BUT ONLY ONE IN A MILLION MAKE THE GRADE.

..COURSE, MOMMA SOON PASSED AWAY, AN' I WUZ ON MY OWN AGAIN. BUT I REMEMBERED ALL SHED TAUGHT ME! TO THIS DAY, I CAN STILL TERRIFY MY ENEMIES BY CUTTING LOOSE WITH THE FULL-THROATED ROAR OF THE BULL RAT..

GREEP! GREEP!!

..SPINE TINGLIN', HUH?

SNICKER..

"...I WUZ BORN IN A POOR NEIGHBOURHOOD, ONE OF A FAMILY O' NINE! POP DIDN'T HAVE NO JOB, AN' I GUESS THA THOUGHT OF ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED WUZ TOO MUCH!! I CAN STILL REMEMBER HIS LAST WORDS TO ME..."

SON... I WANCHA TO KNOW
THAT I'M DOIN' THIS WITH
YOUR INTERESTS AT HEART...

TRY NOT TO GET LODGED
IN THE S-BEND SON...

...I'LL TRY MY DURNDEST, POP!

ATSA BOY!

"BITTER? HELL, NO! I'DA DONE THE SAME IN HIS POSITION. IN THOSE DAY'S, LOTSA FATHERS FLUSHED THEIR OFFSPRING DOWN THE CAN..."

NATURALLY, THIS WAS BEFORE I FOUND OUT ABOUT THE GIANT TENTACLED SPACE-MONSTER THAT LIVES IN THE SEWERS... IT'S TRAGICALLY IRONIC, AIN'T IT? ME, AN OUTCAST FROM SOCIETY...THE ONLY PERSON STANDING BETWEEN MANKIND AND AN INVASION O' THINGS FROM ANOTHER WORLD...

..BUT DON'T SHED NO TEARS FOR ME
MISTER...I GUESS SOME GUYS ARE
JUST BORN TA BE UNSUNG HEROES..

HEE HEE HOO
HOO HOO HOO
HAR HYUK

"I REMEMBER THE DISTANT SOUND OF THE CISTERN REFILLING...THEN THERE WUZ ONLY DARKNESS AND THE RUSHING TORRENTS OF WATER!! HOW I SURVIVED...ME, A KID BARELY OUTTA DIAPERS...I'LL NEVER KNOW. BUT SOMEHOW I DID..."

☹KOFF☹☹KOFF☹...I...I
MADE IT...I TOOK ON THE
N.Y.C. SANITARY SYSTEM
AND WON...☹KOFF☹☹KOFF☹

"SOAKIN' WET AN' PLASTERED IN CRAP I
HAULED MYSELF OUTTA THE DRINK..IT
WUZ THEN THAT I NOTICED **THE RATS!!**"

HAW HAW HAW! THAT'S JUST ABOUT THE MOST RIDICULOUS STORY I EVER HEARD! NO WONDER YER OLD MAN STUFFED YA DOWN THE CRAPPER!! HAW HAW HAW!!

REEP!

(C) '80 BY THE CURT VILE ESTATE. TO BE CONTINUED...

WHO KILLED ROCK~ROLL?

IT WUZ COLD, PAL,
BUT SUDDENLY I
WUZ SWEATIN' LIKE
AN ESKIMO IN
DEATH VALLEY...

..THE "SEWER MANIAC"
I'D BEEN TALKIN' TO
HAD JUST VANISHED
MYSTERIOUSLY, AND
NOW I WUZ ALONE..

..OR WUZ I??

..CAUTIOUSLY I SPLASHED MY WAY
DOWN ONE OF THE LONG, DARK
TUNNELS...IT REMINDED ME OF
I KNOW NOT WHAT....

"IS THERE ANYBODY THERE?"-I QUAVERED..

C'MON, YOU GUYS... A
JOKES A JOKE!! HA
HA! SEE? I'M LAUGHIN'!

HA HA HA HA NA NA NA ...

SQUIRK!
SQUOOB!

IN THE DARKNESS
AROUND ME I COULD
HEAR WET, OBSCENE
SQUELCHING, SLITHERING
AND SUCKING NOISES...

Ghupri

SQUCK!

...HAD I STUMBLED UPON
AN ALLIGATOR
ORGY...OR WAS IT
SOMETHIN' A
LITTLE LESS APPEALIN'?

..SQUILT
..SQUILT
..SQUILT

GWULP!

BLAT



SQUIRTZ

GROOK

SKROOP
SKROOP

SCARED?? YOU BET YOUR ASS
I WUZ... A FEELIN' OF CLAMMY-
REVULSION ENGULFED ME,
LIKE THE SUDDEN DISCOVERY
OF SNOT ON A DOORKNOB...

..WHAT I WOULDN'T HAVE
GIVEN TO SEE JUST
ONE FAMILIAR FACE....

GEEURSH!

PHLORCH!
WHEEZE!

..IT WUZ THEN I SAW IT,
RISING HIDEOUSLY FROM THE
FOUL, CHURNING DEPTHS
BEFORE ME!! FAMILIAR??
YEAH, SURE IT WUZ FAMILIAR!!

...BUT **FACE??**

"IT WUZ **DAVID BOKO**, THE GIANT BISEXUAL TENTACLED NIGHTMARE FROM **TAU CETI!!** BUT HE WUZ SUPPOSED TO BE **DEAD...** FRIED IN THE NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST THAT HAD BLOWN AWAY **BERLIN!!** ...WHAT WAS HE DOING HERE??"

"..COME TO THAT,
WHAT WUZ I
DOIN' HERE???"

EPISODE 47:
"JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT
IT WAS SAFE TO GO BACK
IN THE WATER..."

TO BE CONTINUED.. ©'80 CURT VILE

ROSCOE MOSCOW IN: WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL? EPISODE 47: "MEANWHILES!"

...IN WHICH MAXINE CONFIDES
IN A CHUM OVER TEA
AND CREAMCAKES...

GEE, CHERYL, YOU WERE RIGHT!
THIS NEW HAIR-DO HAS MADE
ME FORGET ALL ABOUT MY
DESERTION, PREGNANCY, AND
IMPENDING MENTAL BREAKDOWN!

OH MAXINE - WHAT
ARE FRIENDS FOR?

BY THE WAY... HAVE YOU
DECIDED WHAT TO DO
WITH YOURSELF YET??

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING
I CAN DO... I GOTTA FIND
ROSCOE, TELL HIM EVERY
-THING AND HOPE HE'LL
TAKE ME BACK...

...HE MAY BE FAT, STUPID,
UGLY, THOROUGHLY UN-
LIKEABLE AND PRONE TO
PREMATURE EJACULATION,
BUT HE'S STILL MY HUSBAND!

ATTN GIRL!!

THE ONLY PROBLEM IS, WHERE
DO I START LOOKING? I
GUESS HE'S BACK IN THIS
COUNTRY BY NOW, BUT
WHERE? HOW DO I FIND HIM?

HMM... IT'S A STICKY
PROBLEM ALRIGHT...

MAYBE YOU COULD
HIRE YOURSELF A
PRIVATE DETECTIVE...

FOR CHRIST'S
SAKE, MAXINE...
IT WAS MEANT
TO BE A JOKE!!

THA NOIVE!!

MEANWHILE...

WELL, ZOLTAN, YOU OLD DEVIL...
YOU CERTAINLY SEEM TO HAVE
DONE A GOOD JOB SHAKING THAT
MOSCOW BROAD OFF YOUR TAIL...

HMM... BUT WHAT IF HER HUS-
BAND RETURNS AND STARTS
SLINGING ACCUSATIONS? THAT
COULD QUEER ME WITH THE A.M.A!

PROBLEMS... NOTHING BUT PROBLEMS!!

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

THE DOOR? DAMMIT,
WHO COULD THAT BE?

VICTOR? ROTWANG? WH-WHAT
ARE YOU DOING HERE??

Z. VON ZYGOTE M.D.

OH, Y'KNOW, ZOLTAN...
WE JUST THOUGHT
WE'D DROP BY...
HELP YOU OUT IN
THESE DIFFICULT
TIMES! HEE HEE HEE!

AFTER ALL, ZOLTAN, WHAT
ARE BROTHERS FOR??
NYAH HAH HA HA HA!

MEANWHILE...

WELL, AMBROSE, MY SCALY
SERVANT. IT SEEMS THE GAME
IS IN IT'S FINAL MOVES!!
AND THE ONE MAN WHO MIGHT
HAVE POSED A THREAT TO OUR
SCHEMES IS QUITE LITERALLY
IN THE SHIT! IRONIC, EH?

I SAID "IRONIC, EH?"

OH, GO AND MAKE ME A
CUP OF COCOA, YOU OAF!!

MEANWHILE...

MR. MOSCOW! HOW NICE OF
YOU TO DROP IN! SORRY
THE PLACE IS IN SUCH A
FRIGHTFUL MESS... PULL UP
A STOOL AND SIT DOWN!

A STOOL? IS THIS
GUY TELLING ME
TOILET JOKES??

TO BE CONTINUED... © '80 CURT VILE

...SO YOU SEE, MY PERSONAL
ENVIRONMENT CHAMBER
WAS STURDY ENOUGH TO
PROTECT ME FROM THE
BLAST THAT TOOK OUT
BERLIN! AFTER THAT, IT
WAS SIMPLE. I HEADED
FOR NEW YORK BY SUB...



NATURALLY, THIS WAS AFTER
I'D LEFT THE DUST-SCRAWLED
MESSAGE TIPPING YOU OFF
REGARDING THE HOMICIDAL
"RAFIWERK" ROBOTS, WHO
YOU LATER DESTROYED...

...ANOTHER GLASS OF
"CRAPAUD BLEU" FOR
YOU, MR. MOSCOW??

...BETTER MAKE THAT TWO DRINKS... I AIN'T
JUICED ENOUGH TO FIGGER THIS OUT YET...



HOW COME YOU KNEW SO
MUCH ABOUT RAFIWERK
AN' ROCK 'N' ROLL'S KILLER
AN' ALL THAT SHIT? WHOSE
HOLDIN' OUT ON WHO, BUDDY?

OH DEAR... SIGH...
I SUPPOSE I'D BEST
COME CLEAN... YOU SEE,
I'M A MOLE!!

SURE, DOLL-FACE!!
ANYTHIN' YOU SAY!! I'M
PORKY PIG! HAW
HAW HAW HAW!!

A MOLE!! A DOUBLE AGENT!
YOU SEE, IN THE PAST, I HAVE
BEEN A CLOSE CONFIDANT
OF A BRILBURN SMORCH,
THE CRIMINAL GENIUS...
FROM HIM I CLEANED
MY INFORMATION...

...IT WAS MY BETRAYAL OF
THAT INFORMATION TO YOU
WHICH LED TO THE BOMB-
ING OF BERLIN!!

SMORCH?? BUT HE WUZ SUPPOSED
TO BE DYIN' OF CANCER!!



EXACTLY! IT WAS DUE TO
MY KNOWLEDGE OF EXTRA-
TERRESTRIAL MEDICAL TECHNIQUE
THAT HIS AIDES APPROACHED ME...

...MY JOB WAS TO PROCURE
A NEW, HEALTHY MALE
BODY FOR A BRILBURN
SMORCH TO USE!!

...PROCURE A HEALTHY MALE BODY
FOR...?? I KNEW IT! IT'S ALL A BIG
FAGGOT CONSPIRACY!! WATCH
YOUR ASS, AMERICA!!!



NATURALLY, IT WAS
TRICKY FINDING THE
RIGHT DONOR FOR A
MINDSWAP... COMPATIBLE
BRAINWAVES AND
ALL THAT JUNK... BUT
EVENTUALLY I LUCKED
UPON A SENILE OLD
GERMAN VAGRANT
WHO WAS PERFECT!!

NO RELATIVES... THE
RIGHT THETA WAVE
PATTERNS... JUST THE
JOB! OF COURSE, I HAD
TO REPAIR THE BODY
A LITTLE. REJUVENATION
AND SO ON, BUT NOTHING
TOO COMPLICATED...

...SO NOW YOU SEE HOW I SLOT INTO
THINGS! NOW YOU UNDERSTAND WHY
I HAD TO CONTRIVE TO MEET YOU
HERE, IN THE DARK AND AWAY
FROM PRYING EYES!!



SURE I UNDERSTAND,
YA BIG NELLIE!! ONLY IT
WON'T WASH. SEE? I'M A
MARRIED MAN, AN'
I KNOW KARATE!!

...TRY 'SLOTTIN' INTO'
ANYTHIN' BELONGIN' TA
THIS BOY AN' YER
GONNA BE SPITTIN'
BICUSPIDS, CHARLEY!!

...I BLUFFED WILDLY...

MR. MOSCOW, PLEASE LISTEN! SMORCH'S
BODY IS DEAD, BUT THANKS TO ME HIS
MIND LIVES ON IN A STURDY NEW FRAME!
AND IT WAS SMORCH WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N' ROLL!! THERE... NOW I'VE
COMPLETELY EXPOSED MYSELF!!



I DON'T WANNA LOOK!!

ROSCHIE MOSCOW
WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL
EPISODE
FORTY-ONE PART NINE
"UNTITLED"

BUT YOU MUST!! FOR YOU, ROSCOE MOSCOW,
ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE THE
WORLD... THE ONLY ONE WITH THE
RECKLESS COURAGE AND DETERMINATION
TO FACE UP TO THE IMPOSSIBLE ODDS!!

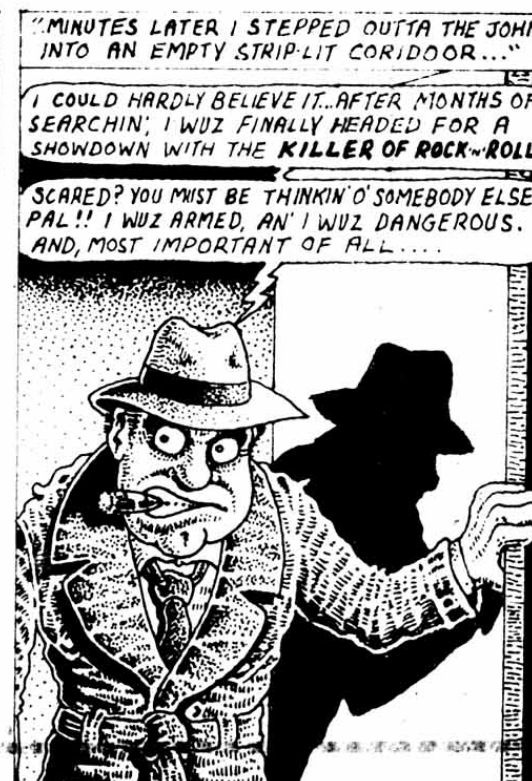
THE TIME FOR ACTION IS NOW!! WE MUST
PUT PAST INDISCRETIONS BEHIND US! WE MUST
FORGET OUR PRIVATE PECCADILLOES!!!



WELL YA CAN
FERGET MINE
FER A START,
CUPCAKE!!!

...I BELLOWED...

TO BE CONTINUED... ©'80 BY CURT VILE.



I CREEPT STEALTHILY
THROUGH THE MAZE O'
CORIDDOORS...I HAD A
DATE WITH A KILLER!



FINALLY I REACHED A
MASSIVE DOORWAY. VOICES
CAME FROM BEHIND IT..
I PAUSED. WAS I FULLY
PREPARED FOR THIS??



SURE I WUZ! I HAD
MY HEATER, I HAD
MY STEEL-TRAP MIND
AND MY SENSE OF
FAIR PLAY! WHAT ELSE
DID A GUY NEED??



OKAY, YA TURDS!
I'M COMIN' IN!!!



UHH...ROLL THE
CREDITS, CURT...

ROSCOE MOSCOW IN:
'WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?'
EPISODE 51:
'IT'S MY PARTY...'

ROSCOE MOSCOW IN: **"WHO KILLED ROCKWELL?"** **EPISODE FIFTY-TWO - "TUPENNY RUSH!"**



TO BE CONTINUED... ©80 BY CURT "THE ENFORCER" VILE.

I ALMOST HAD IT FIGGERED OUT! BY MEANS O' SOME KINDA CONSPIRACY THE HEADS OF ALL NATIONS HAD PULLED TOGETHER TO GREASE ROCK 'N' ROLL! BUT HOW? AND WHY? HOW DID A-BAILBURN SMORCH TIE IN WITH THIS? OR THE SIVANA BROS? WHADDABOUT THE ARMADILLO? HOW DO I MANAGE TO TALK WITH MY TEETH CLENCHED TOGETHER? WHO PUT THE RAM IN THE RAMA-LAMA-DING-DONG???



METRO-GOLDWYN-GLOVES PROUDLY PRESENTS
WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?
STARRING: ROSCOE MOSCOW
EPISODE FIFTY-THREE:
WORKING FOR THE CLAMPDOWN!!
SCREENPLAY BY CURT VILE © 1980



HI! THE SINISTER GLOVES HERE, TO TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THE KILLING OF ROCK 'N' ROLL! THE PROJECT WAS UNDERWAY LONG BEFORE I BECAME INVOLVED....



"IN FACT, IT STARTED AS FAR BACK AS FEBRUARY 2nd 1959. HERE WE SEE TWO EMPLOYEES OF WHAT WAS THEN CALLED "THE STAMP OUT COON JUNGLE RYTHMS CAMPAIGN" ATTACHING A BOMB TO A CERTAIN PLANE AT MASON CITY AIRPORT, BOUND FOR FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA...."



"..59 AND '60 WERE VINTAGE YEARS. WE GOT BILLIE HOLIDAY IN JUNE '59 WITH A HOT SHOT. THE NEXT YEAR, IN APRIL, EDDIE COCHRAN HAD AN UNFORTUNATE MOTORING "ACCIDENT"... SADLY, GENE VINCENT GOT OUT ALIVE... FOR A WHILE!!



"OUR AIM WAS TO DEMORALISE THE REBELLIOUS FORCES OF YOUTH. WE SOON DISCOVERED IT WAS EASIER TO BUY ROCKSTARS THAN ELIMINATE THEM. AFTER ALL, WHAT COULD BE MORE DISCOURAGING THAN THE SIGHT OF A ONCE-RESPECTED FIGUREHEAD OF THE REVOLUTION, CORRUPTED BY WEALTH AND FAME?"



"THE FEW WHO RESISTED BOTH TEMPTATION AND THREATS WERE EVENTUALLY CRUSHED BY SHEER WEIGHT OF CIRCUMSTANCE. MANY WERE FORCED INTO SELF-IMPOSED EXILE WHERE THEY WOULD LIVE OUT THEIR DAYS QUIETLY AND INEFFECTUALLY..."



"INSANITY OFTEN PROVED A USEFUL TOOL. HERE WE SEE A LEADING "PSYCHE-DELIC VISIONARY" OF THE MID-SIXTIES BEING GIVEN A SUBSTANCE HE BELIEVED TO BE L.S.D.... IT WAS IN FACT ENTROPINE, AN EXPERIMENTAL HALLUCINOGEN THAT CAUSES "BUMMERS" OF FIFTEEN YEARS DURATION. HE WAS NO MORE TROUBLE..."



"THE MURDER AND REPLACEMENT OF PAUL MC CARTNEY WAS OUR FINEST DOUBLE BLUFF!! BY LEAVING BLATANT CLUES EVERYWHERE WE MADE IT APPEAR AS IF THE WHOLE THING WERE A PIECE OF FANCIFUL PARANOIA, BELIEVED ONLY BY THE CREDULOUS AND THE TERMINALLY DEMENTED...."



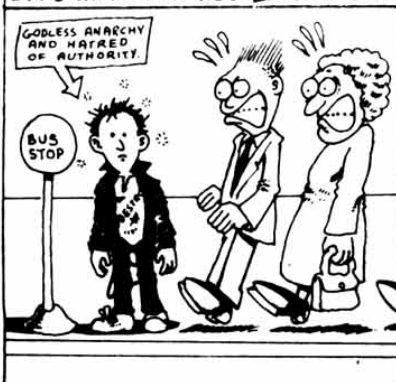
"SOMETIMES, HOWEVER, WE COULD AFFORD TO BE OPEN IN OUR MURDER ATTEMPTS. IN JAMAICA, FOR EXAMPLE, IT WAS EASY TO USE EXISTING POLITICAL TENSION TO EXPLAIN AWAY OUR ACTIVITIES..."



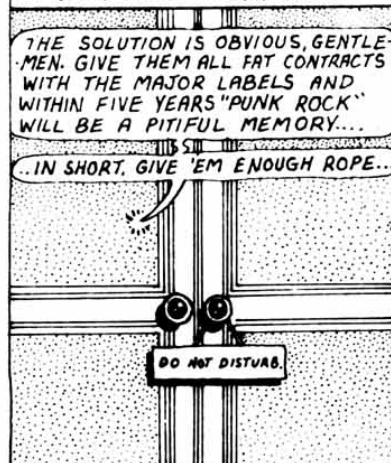
"AS TIME WENT ON, OUR METHODS BECAME MORE AND MORE SOPHISTICATED... THE ELECTRIFIED BATHTUB (PARIS '71)... THE SODIUM MORMPHATE-LACED CHEESEBURGER (MEMPHIS '77) OR, IN THE CASE OF JIMI HENDRIX, AN INGENIOUS SLOW POISON, COATING HIS GUITAR STRINGS..."



IN THE MID-SEVENTIES, HOWEVER, WE BEGAN TO HAVE TROUBLE!! FOR SOME REASON, YOUTH FOUGHT BACK!! THERE WAS A MASSIVE RESURGENCE OF GODLESS ANARCHY, HATRED OF AUTHORITY AND ALL THE OTHER EVILS WE THOUGHT WE'D ERADICATED..."



"IT WAS THEN THAT I, THE SINISTER GLOVES TOOK OVER AS DIRECTOR OF CLANDESTINE OPERATIONS..."



NATURALLY, THERE ARE STILL ONE OR TWO 'RUGGED IDEALISTS WHO CONTINUE TO POSE PROBLEMS FOR US... BUT WE KNOW WHO THEY ARE!! WE KNOW WHERE THEY LIVE!! ROCK AND ROLL IS COUGHING BLOOD... BY THE MID 1980'S IT WILL BE A PUTRESCENT CORPSE!!



MY MIND WUZ REELIN'!! NOW I KNEW NOW ROCK 'N' ROLL HAD BIN OFFED BUT NOT WHY! WHAT WUZ THE MOTIVE? WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE WORTH OVER THIRTY YEARS OF INTRICATE PLOTTIN' AN' INTRIGUE?? I MEAN, LEAVE US FACE IT, BUDDY...



...IT MADE PARANOIDS LOOK LIKE COCK-EYED* OPTIMISTS! THE COMBINED GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD HAD COMBINED UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE SINISTER GLOVES TO WIPE OUT ROCK 'N' ROLL. THE ONLY QUESTION REMAINING WAS... WHUFOH??

...WHICH REMINDS ME...
...HOW'S YA MOM, ED???



*NO OFFENCE IS INTENDED TO ANY READER WHO MAY ACTUALLY BE SUFFERING FROM THIS UNPLEASANT OPTICAL DEFECT. —THE AUTHOR.

"ADDED TO THIS, THE POLICE FORCE, WORKING IN COLLABORATION WITH EXTREME RIGHT-WING GROUPS, HAVE SLOWLY BROUGHT RACIAL TENSIONS TO A FEVER-PITCH."



QUIET SORT OF NIGHT, EH, GEORGE?

THE REASON WHY SHOULD BE OBVIOUS, MR. MOSCOW... PERHAPS IT IS BEST EXPLAINED IN CONTEXT OF OUR OTHER OPERATIONS. THOSE CURRENTLY UNDERWAY IN GREAT BRITAIN, FOR EXAMPLE



"MEANWHILE, SKILLFULL USE OF THE MEDIA HAS MADE THE RELEASE OF SEXUAL RELATIONS INTO AN AREA FRAUGHT WITH SHAME, GUILT AND FEAR OF INADEQUACY..."



"OTHER HUMAN RELEASES, SUCH AS THE USE OF ALCOHOL OR DRUGS, HAVE GRADUALLY BEEN LIFTED OUT OF THE FINANCIAL REACH OF THE MAJORITY..."

"OVER THE YEARS, WE HAVE SLOWLY TIGHTENED THE SCREWS ON THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN... LIKE THE ARTIFICIAL ECONOMIC CRISIS AND CRIPPLING INFLATION WHICH HAS RENDERED MANY OF THEM DESTITUTE..."



"THE ONLY OTHER FORM OF ESCAPE FROM MISERY AND TEDIUM WHICH THE HAPLESS TURDS HAVE RECOURSE TO IS ROCK 'N' ROLL... AND NOW, ROCK 'N' ROLL IS DEAD!!



BUT THAT'S CRAZY!! EVEN-TUALLY THE PEOPLE WILL HAVE HAD ENOUGH... YOU'LL HAVE A REVOLUTION ON YER HANDS! AND THEN WHAT??

"...WHILE THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROGRAMME HAS THROWN MILLIONS UPON THE MERCY OF THE SOCIAL SECURITY SYSTEM, WHOSE PRIME FUNCTION IS TO FURTHER DEGRADE AND HUMILIATE THE POOR BASTARDS..."



I'M SORRY BUT BEFORE YOU ARE ELIGIBLE FOR RELIEF APPLICATION FORM RQ-475B YOU MUST SING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM BACKWARDS WITH A MOUTH FULL OF STALE CIGARETTE BUTTS. NEXT!!

WE WANT A REVOLUTION, MR. MOSCOW. THAT'S WHY WE'VE BEEN 'TRAINING' TROOPS IN AREAS WHICH CLOSELY RESEMBLE URBAN HOME TERRITORY. AREAS LIKE NORTHERN IRELAND, FOR EXAMPLE...



AT THE FIRST OUTBREAK OF TROUBLE WE INTRODUCE MARTIAL LAW AND BRING IN THE ARMY TO QUELL THE DISTURBANCES... FOR GOOD!!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, MR. MOSCOW?

HOW DO I LIKE WHAT? —I INTERROGATED SHARPLY.

"NATURALLY, ANOTHER FUNCTION OF MASS UNEMPLOYMENT IS TO FORCE THE TRADE UNIONS INTO MILITANT STRIKE ACTION, WHICH SERVES TO INCREASE THE MISERY OF THE MASSES."



..IT'S SO DARK AND COLD. IF ONLY THE POWER-WORKERS WEREN'T ON STRIKE..

THE POWER WORKERS?

THANK CHRIST FOR THAT!! I THOUGHT IT WAS THE SUN!!

WHY... THE IDEA OF A WORLD-WIDE POLICE STATE BY THE MID NINETEEN EIGHTIES, OF COURSE!!



TO BE CONTINUED... ©'80 CURT VILE. (AND PERIODICALLY)

ROSCOE MOSCOW

INSIGHTFUL COMMENTS ON
THE HUMAN CONDITION:
NUMBER 1:

"WATER? DO I NEED IT?
I'VE HAD TO SHOOT MY
HORSE!"

-CLARK GABLE.

EPISODE
55:

"THE
SELLING OF
ROSCOE
MOSCOW!"

"NO KILL ROCK-ROLL!"

A WORLDWIDE POLICE STATE BY
1965!! THE IDEA WUZ ONLY SLIGHTLY
MORE UPSETTIN' THAN A LARGE
TARANTULA IN THA BIDET...

WHAT I COULDN'T FIGGER WUZ, HOW
SMORCH HAD MANAGED IT! I MEAN, AS
A MASTER CRIMINAL HE MADE A
PEACHY HATSTAND! WHAT GAVE?



"IT WUZ A PROBLEM...IT TURNED OVER IN
MY MIND LIKE A HERNIA BELT IN A
TUMBLE DRYER. SUDDENLY, SMORCH BEGAN
MAKIN' MOUTH MUSIC..."

HOW TRAGIC THAT WE SHOULD BE ENEMIES,
MR. MOSCOW, WHEN IN HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCES
WE MIGHT HAVE MET AS FRIENDS....
SHARED A SIX-PACK TOGETHER WHILE
WATCHING THE WORLD SERIES...LOANED EACH
OTHER POWER-MOWERS...BUT ALAS, FATE
IS CRUEL! THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US...



"THIS WUZ A NEW TWIST! MY EYES
NARROWED TO RAZOR SLITS..."

"THAT AN' A DIME WILL BUY ME A
CUPPA COFFEE, BUDDY BOY!"
I GROWLED. "WHATTAYA TRYIN
TO SUGGEST??"

A JOB, ROSCOE.

FOR YOU.

WITH ME!!



GASP!!

I GASPED.

CONSIDER IT..ARE WE TRULY
THAT DIFFERENT? MEN LIKE
US KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR
THE WORLD...MEN LIKE US
KNOW WHO THE REAL
ENEMY IS...



..THE DRAFT-CARD BURNING NANCY-BOYS! THE
AFRO-SPORTING DARKIES SELLING REEFERS!
TO OUR SONS AND JAZZING OUR DAUGHTERS!
SLICK MIKE LAWYERS PLEADING "BROKEN
HOME" FOR EVERY PIMPLY-FACED MOTOR-
CYCLE HOODLUM WHO EVER SWIPED A
HUBCAP!!

GODDAMMIT, THAT'S RIGHT! AND DON'T
FERGET THE PUERTO RICANS..THEY
COOK THEIR GARBAGE, YOU KNOW THAT?
AN' PUSHY WIMMENS LIBBER TYPES
WITH ALL THIS CLITORIS JUNK AN'
YEAST INFECTIONS AN' ALLA THAT
SHIT! TURNS YA STUMICK!!



WELL SAID, MR. MOSCOW..WERE
ON THE SAME SIDE AFTER ALL!!
A MAN LIKE YOU DIDN'T FIGHT
IN WORLD WAR II SO SOME
JERK-OFF SOCIOLOGY STUDENT
COULD HAVE THE FREEDOM TO
PISS ON THE FLAG!!



DAMN RIGHT, I DIDN'T
PAL!! DAMN RIGHT!!

..AND WHAT SORT OF JOB DOES THE WORLD
OFFER A MAN OF YOUR TALENTS? A POSITION
IN A CANNING FACTORY? PSHAW!!

AND THEN THERE'S WOMEN...BE FRANK, MR.
MOSCOW...WOMEN HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID
OF YOUR RAMPANT MALENESS! YOUR SEXUALITY!

UH..YEAH. YEAH!! THAT MUST BE WHY
THEY'RE ALLUS LAUGHIN' AT ME...
THEY JUST DUNNO HOW TA HANDLE
A REAL, RED-BLOODED MAN!!



WHEREAS WORKING WITH ME
YOU'D HAVE THE CHANCE TO MEET
REAL WOMEN...WOMEN WHO
KNOW WHAT A MAN LIKE YOU NEEDS...

..LIKE, SAY, MECHANO HERE...

UHH..JEEZUS...WELL, LISTEN,
I DUNNO...I MEAN...UH...



"I THOUGHT ABOUT IT FER MAYBE
A SECOND ANNA HALF...IT WUZ THE
CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! AN' WHY
SHOULDN'T I? EVERYBODY ELSE WUZ
GETTIN' THEIR PIECE O' THE PIE...
I FIGGERED I WUZ WAY OVERDUE
FER MY SLICE..."

OKAY, SMORCH...I'M YER MAN!!
WHAT KINDA PENSION SCHEME
YOU GUYS RUNNIN'??



SMORCH?? DEAR ME, MR. MOSCOW,
I THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE REALIZED
THE TRUTH BY NOW!! YOU SEE...

..I'M NOT A BRILBURN SMORCH!!

"WHUH??" - I
COUNTERED SUAVELY.



TO BE CONTINUED... ©'80 CURT VILE

"I'D MADE A DEAL WITH THE SINISTER GLOVES! BUT WHO WUZ HE, EGGZACKLY?"



"YOU SEEM SURPRISED TO FIND THAT I AM NOT A BRILBURN SMORCH! PERHAPS I SHOULD RECAP ON SMORCH'S ACTIONS SINCE THE FATEFUL DAY HE DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS DYING OF CANCER!"

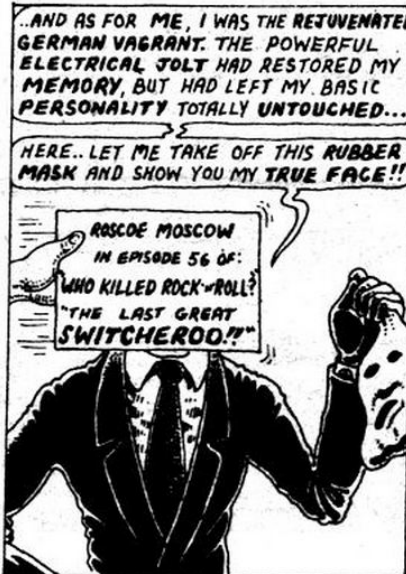
"YOU MAY RECALL HE CONTACTED DAVID BOKO, THE ALIEN, WHO PROCEEDED TO SEARCH FOR A SUITABLE HOST BODY TO ACCOMMODATE SMORCH'S MIND..."

"AFTER MUCH SEARCHING HE FOUND A DONOR... AN ELDERLY GERMAN VAGRANT WITH THE CORRECT BRAIN-WAVE PATTERNS. AFTER REJUVENATING THE AMNESIAC DOTARD HE PRESENTED HIM TO SMORCH!"

"I REMEMBER THAT FATEFUL DAY IN THE LABORATORY... BOKO HAD LOANED SMORCH THE NECESSARY MIND-TRANSFER MACHINE AND HAD INSTRUCTED HIM ON IT'S USE... SMORCH AND THE DRUGGED VAGRANT WERE STRAPPED INTO POSITION AS THE DEMENTED SIVANA BROTHERS SET THE CONTROLS..."

"BUT THEN FATE INTERVENED, AS IT SO OFTEN HAD DURING SMORCH'S PATHETIC CRIMINAL CAREER! JUST AS ROTWANG SIVANA WAS ABOUT TO THROW THE MASTER SWITCH... JUST AS VICTOR SIVANA HASTENED TO REMOVE SMORCH'S INCONTINENT PET ARMADILLO FROM NEAR THE MACHINE..."

"THE EFFECT WAS...UH... ELECTRIFYING!"



TO BE CONTINUED... ©'80 CURT VILE.



MAXINE MOSCOW, PREGNANT BY A MALFORMED DWARF PSYCHIATRIST, WANDERS FORLORNLY THROUGH THE GARBAGE-STREWN STREETS OF NEW YORK! LIFE'S CERTAINLY NO BOWL OF CHERRIES FOR THIS DOOMED CUTIE!! NO SIR!!



THROUGH THIS VALE OF TEARS AND DOGSHIT, MAXINE SEARCHES DESPERATELY FOR THE ONE MAN WHO CAN FREE HER FROM THIS PUTRID PURGATORY....

OH ROSCOE...
I THINK THEREFORE I AM!!



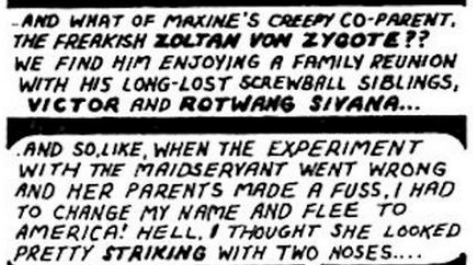
IF ONLY I CAN FIND YOU, THINGS'LL BE DIFFERENT... NO MORE NAGGIN' ATCHA TO TRIM YER NOSTRIL HAIR... NO MORE TRYIN' TA GETCHA TA READ "THE JOY OF SEX" INSTEAD O' "TRUE DETECTIVE"... I PROMISE, ROSCOE, I PROMISE T' GOD!!!

JESUS SHAVES!!



SORBS I'M A LOUSY WIFE AN' A RILLY AWFUL PERSON!
HEY, LADY!! YA GOT 85-29, SO'S I KIN GET A QUART O' COFFEE??

UHH... NO OFFENCE TO ALL YOU WIMMEN OUT THERE, BUT JESUS CHRIST, SHE'S ONE FOR THE BOOKS, AIN'T SHE?



...AND WHAT OF MAXINE'S CREEPY CO-PARENT, THE FREAKISH ZOLTAN VON ZYGOTE?? WE FIND HIM ENJOYING A FAMILY REUNION WITH HIS LONG-LOST SCREWBALL SIBLINGS, VICTOR AND ROTWANG SIYANA...

AND SO, LIKE, WHEN THE EXPERIMENT WITH THE MAIDSERVANT WENT WRONG AND HER PARENTS MADE A FUSS, I HAD TO CHANGE MY NAME AND FLEE TO AMERICA! HELL, I THOUGHT SHE LOOKED PRETTY STRIKING WITH TWO NOSES....



BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING HERE??

WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU, BROTHER ZOLTAN! HYUK YUK YUK!!

YOU SEE, WE KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS WITH THE MOSCOW WOMAN. SNICKER SNICKER!!



THINGS WOULD LOOK PRETTY ROUGH IF HER HUSBAND FOUND OUT ABOUT HER... AH... CONDITION AND STARTED MAKING WAVES!! GIGGLE!!

THE A.M.A. WOULD HAVE YOUR ASS, ZOLTAN!! TITTER!



Y-YOURE RIGHT! BUT WHAT SHOULD I DO ABOUT HIM? THE MAN'S SO UNPREDICTABLE... HE'S A LUNATIC!!

EXACTLY, ZOLTAN... NYAH HA HA HA HA!!



...AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DO WITH LUNATICS, DON'T YOU, ZOLTAN?? HEE HEE HEE HEE!!

NOW... SHALL WE PHONE FOR THE TWINKY WAGON... OR WILL YOU? GHA HA HEE HEE HOO!



AND THEN, OF COURSE, THERE'S MYCROFT THE IMAGINARY CROW....

DON'T SWEAT IT, PAL!! O'COURSE YOU CAN FLY!!
LOOK... I CAN FLY!!
YES... YES... I SEE IT NOW! YES!!
30 FLOOR DROP



IT MAY NOT HAVE MUCH TO DO WITH THE PLOT, BUT AT LEAST SOMEONE IN THIS MISERABLE, DEPRESSING STRIP IS HAVING A GOOD TIME!!

HAVE A NICE DAY, YA BEATNIK WIERDOH!! KARK KARK KAAAAARKK!!



WHICH ONLY LEAVES ROSCOE...

THA CLUES HAD ALL BIN THERE; THE GERMAN WRISTWATCHES... THE NAZI REGALIA... EVEN THA BOMBIN' O' BERLIN MADE SOME KINDA TWISTED SENSE!!

SO WHY HADN'T I REALISED? WHY HADN'T I GUESSED THE TRUE IDENTITY OF THE SINISTER GLOVES??



WELL, BASICALLY, MR. MOSCOW, IT'S BECAUSE YOU POSSESS THE LOGICAL AND DEDUCTIVE FACULTIES OF A TIN OF SPAM!!

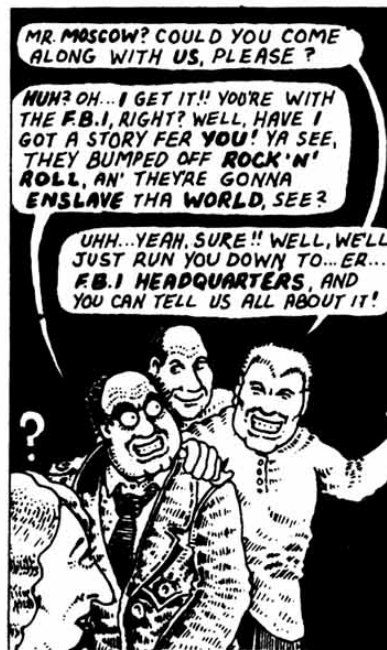


...ONLY ONE THING I STILL COULDN'T FIGGER... WHAT THE HELL DID CHARLIE CHAPLIN WANT WITH WORLD DOMINATION???

OR WUZ I MISSIN' SOMETHIN???

TO BE CONTINUED... ©'80 BY CURT VILE.

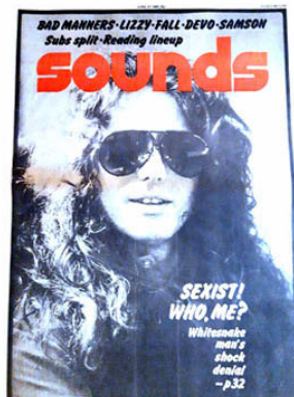
Dear Alan - here's that special Roscoe Moscow heading I told you about, all done in full colour with the beautifully illuminated lettering saying "EPISODE 8: 'COMIN' FOR TO CARRY ME HOME!' " hope you like all the thousands of tiny angels and the intricate scroll-like work in magenta and gold. It's taken me months to do, and I only hope that it prints O.K. and doesn't just turn out as a blank white space. wouldn't that be awful? -Yours, Curt Vile.





The very last episode (sob!) of the world's most loved/hated comic strip...

	<p>HI, CHUMS! CARTOON MESSIAH AND ACID CASUALTY CURT VILE HERE, WELCOMING YOU TO THE LAST EPISODE OF "ROSCOE MOSCOW."</p>		<p>ACTUALLY, THIS FINAL EPISODE'S NOT THAT FUNNY... I MEAN, NONE OF THEM HAVE BEEN THAT FUNNY, BUT THIS ONE'S REALLY GRIM...</p>		<p>BUT LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO DEPRESS ANYBODY! JESUS, WE'VE ALL GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS AS IT IS, RIGHT? SO I THOUGHT I'D TELL YOU A JOKE...</p>		<p>SEE, THERE'S THIS GUY WHO GOES TO SEE A PSYCHIATRIST, AN' HE SAYS "DOCTOR, IT'S ABOUT MY BROTHER! HE THINKS HE'S A CHICKEN!!"</p>
<p>1. MR. ROBERT "ROSCOE" MOSCOW UNDERGOES ELECTRIC-SHOCK THERAPY TO CURE HIM OF HIS INSANE DELUSIONS.</p>	<p>2. ROBERT MOSCOW HAS FUN FINGER-PAINTING AS PART OF HIS OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY.</p>	<p>3. AFTER A YEAR, ROBERT IS WELL ENOUGH TO RESUME A NORMAL LIFE IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD.</p>	<p>4. MRS. MOSCOW PRESENTS HER HUSBAND WITH THE SON SHE HAS BORNE DURING HIS ILLNESS. A 'RED-LETTER DAY'.</p>				
	<p>SO THE PSYCHIATRIST SAYS "WELL, THAT'S NO PROBLEM. YOU JUST HAVE TO TELL HIM FIRMLY THAT HE ISN'T A CHICKEN."</p>		<p>SO THEN THE GUY SAYS "BUT DOCTOR... WE NEED THE EGGS!!" HAAA HA HA HA HA HA HA HOO NA MOO HOO HA HEE HEE HEE HA HA!!! GEDDIT?? HA HA HA HA!</p>		<p>SEE? THE GUY THINKS HE'S A CHICKEN, AN' HIS BROTHER SAYS "WE NEED THE EGGS!!" EGGS, SEE?? IT'S A JOKE!!! HA HA HA.....</p>		<p>...AHH, FUCKIT...</p>
<p>5. ROBERT MOSCOW IS LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET HIS OLD JOB BACK DOWN AT THE CANNING FACTORY.</p>	<p>6. ROBERT MOSCOW REFUSES A DRINK AT A WORKS PARTY. MRS. MOSCOW SMILES PROUDLY.</p>	<p>7. MR. AND MRS. MOSCOW ATTEND CHURCH. "WE HAVE A LOT TO BE THANKFUL FOR," CHIRPS MAXINE.</p>	<p>APRIL, 1983: ROBERT RELAXES AT HOME WITH THE WIFE AND KID. THE END.</p>				



AGENT OF MISFORTUNE

IS THERE any intelligent life which reads *Sounds*? I should hope so. Then why insult it? I — like most people, no doubt — enjoy a good joke but after reading a recent 'episode' of

Roscoe Moscow's adventures I wanted to crawl into a corner and vomit! The 'jokes' to which I refer were not only cheap, naive, stupid and ignorant, they were also insulting to anyone with a minimum of intelligence because of their cheapness and because of their blatant mocking prejudice. For those who can't recollect or don't know what I'm talking about I'm referring to jokes about bending over backwards and the like about the "homosexual space-monster".

Firstly, it's insulting because of its cheap datedness and total lack of originality (it's not even funny in other words); secondly it's insulting to lesbians as it assumes they don't exist; thirdly, it's insulting to gay men because of its mockery and its weird ideas of what a gay man is; and fourthly it's insulting to every reader since it assumes that people who read *Sounds* are stupid enough not only to find it funny but supposedly — realistic as well!

"Don't take it all so seriously" you may say — I wouldn't, if it weren't so very clear what the general 'line' of *Sounds* is on sexism, feminism, and homosexuality (ie they don't really exist except in the weird imaginations of a small minority). Why don't you take the same attitude to Jews, socialists, the Irish and racial minorities, then you can claim to be truly ignorantly prejudiced!

You could also not print this letter as well to get the set — against freedom of speech too! — Yours disgustedly, Derek Hitchcock.



ROSCHOW MOSCOW: a jerk, pure and simple

CURT REPLIES

WHEN IT comes to critical barbs, I'm a boy who's not easily wounded. Believe me, I've got a skin like a rhino as well as the moral sensitivity of one.

Consequently, on the odd occasions when readers have hurled abuse at Roscoe Moscow in the past, I've contented myself with a shrug of my broad shoulders and been able to rationalise it away with something along the lines of, "Well, it's probably Savage Pencil writing in under an assumed name" or, "Some people have just got fucked-up values, I guess." But after Deek Hitchcock's letter (May 3) I'm afraid my much-recknowledged cool is unmaintainable.

Okay, the guy's obviously upset. His uncle's just died, so soon after receiving a knighthood, and obviously he wants to take it out on *somebody*. But ME? Liberal, fun-loving Curt Vile, friend of the earth, devoted parent and animal lover, some of whose best friends are negroes? Can Derek Hitchcock really wish to brand this near-saint as some Anita Bryantist homosexual-lynching anti-semitic neo-fascist monster? Or what?

At the risk of ruining a halfway decent joke by explaining it, perhaps I should point out that Roscoe Moscow is *not* meant to be a very nice character. He's terrified of women, he's terrified of homosexuals, he has a deep and xenophobic loathing of foreigners, he's a card carrying Republican who campaigned for Nixon, he's an alcoholic, sexually inadequate neurotic who can't hold down a job and dresses up like a private eye as part of a pathetic attempt at self-respect. He's a jerk, purely and simply.

And if I *really* wanted to insult the

intelligence of *Sounds*' readership then I'd take the above paragraph and put it in a little disclaimer box at the bottom of the strip every week, just to make absolutely sure that no impressionable adolescent ran away with the idea that I was outlining my own personal philosophy for love, happiness and improved interpersonal relationships by way of the bigoted junk that fills Roscoe Moscow's word balloons.

Now, in a way, I'm quite genuinely flattered that Derek Hitchcock (or indeed anybody) actually takes the time to read Roscoe Moscow and to consider the moral implications, real or imagined. On the other hand, it's a touch discouraging to be presented with a bunch of arse-backwards conclusions delivered in a more-liberal-than-thou tone of righteous indignation, especially when the only reason I'd ever turned to the letters page was to see if there were any more pictures of people purporting to look like dead celebrities.

Please note that I'm not claiming that Roscoe Moscow is a *good* comic strip, or even a mildly funny one. For my money, Savage Pencil's got the edge any day of the week, and I'll fight anyone who says otherwise. All I'm saying is that Curt Vile likes to think of himself as a friend to *all* the people, irrespective of class, colour, place of worship or whatever the hell they wish to do with their private parts. — Curt Vile.

PS: Are you by any chance in the market for snapshots of a genius Charles Manson clone? I know Charlie's not as fashionable as Sid Vicious these days, but on the other hand, he DID used to take drugs and stab people. Any offers?

ROSCOE MOSCOW

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